

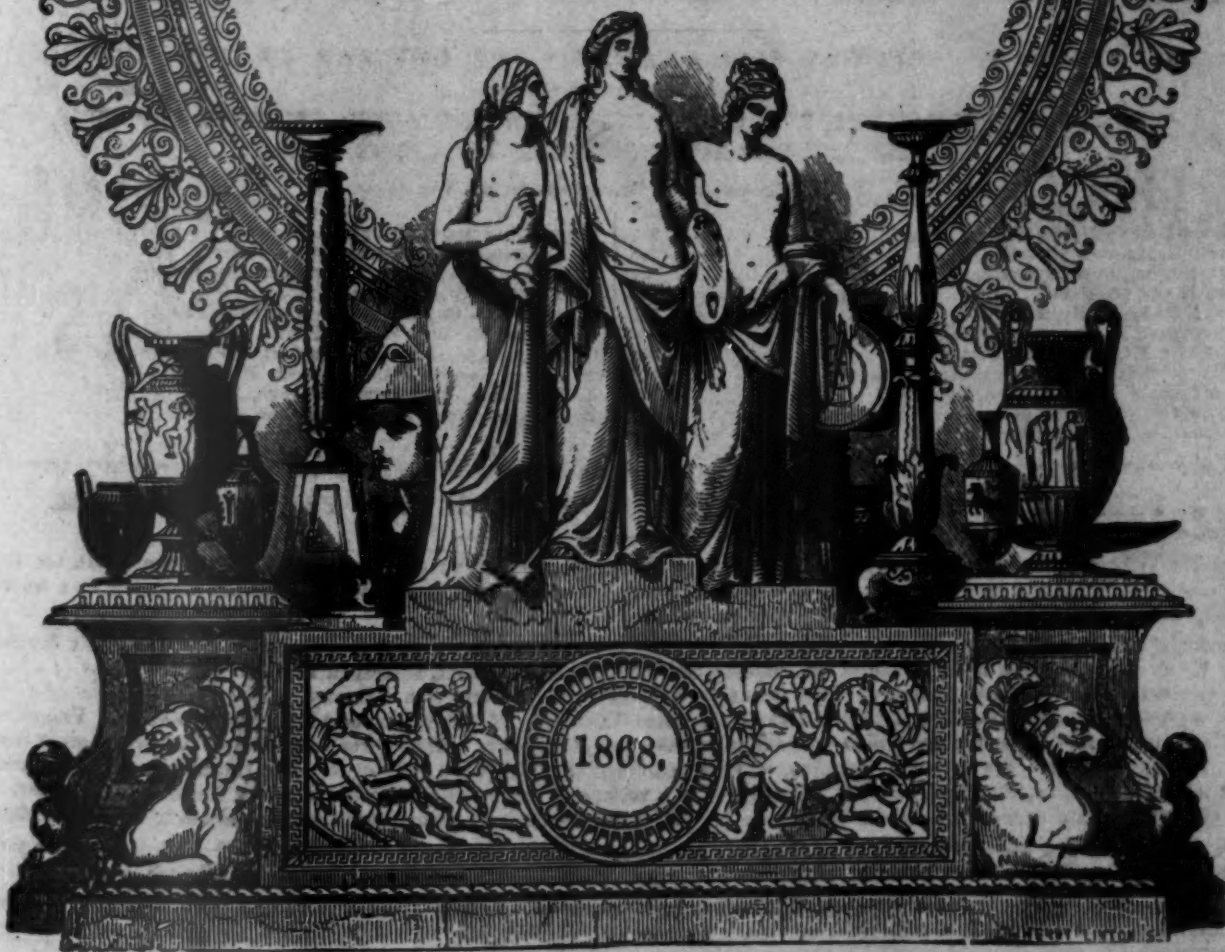
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THE
ART-JOURNAL.



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THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. THE WAYSIDE IN ANDALUSIA. Engraved by C. COUSEN, from the Picture by J. PHILLIP, R.A. and R. ANSDALL, A.R.A., in the Collection of ROBERT RAWLINSON, Esq., C.B.
2. PALISSY THE POTTER. Engraved by C. W. SHARPE, from the Picture by Mrs. E. M. WARD, in the Collection of ANDREW HOLTZ, Esq.

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DEDICATED, BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION, TO THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

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DEDICATED, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION, TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Another Volume of the ART-JOURNAL commenced with the month of January; our readers will not require assurance that every possible effort will be exerted by Publishers, Editor, and Contributors, to secure for it the high position it has attained. We trust we may confidently anticipate reliance on our future from experience of our past.

During the past year our attention has been mainly, though not exclusively, directed to a Report of the UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION at Paris. We have endeavoured to do justice to the subject; and have, we cannot doubt, succeeded in rendering it a means of education to all classes and orders of Art-manufacturers. It is the only publication that has been issued in any country, by which an effort has been made to represent the many beautiful productions which the Great Exhibition of the Works of All Nations contained. France is content with this ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, and makes no move to produce any of its own. And it has been adopted in several other countries of Europe, and in America. We presume, therefore, to have redeemed the pledge we gave at its commencement:—"to produce a Work of great interest and value, that will, certainly, be accepted as a volume of suggestions, a teacher from the lessons of many master-minds, and an enduring reward to those who labour for renown, as well as for the ordinary recompense that is expected to accompany desert."

We feel assured that Subscribers will be gratified to learn our intention to continue the "Catalogue" through the greater part of the present year; giving, however, not twenty-four, but sixteen pages; following, in that respect, the plan we adopted in 1862-3.

It is needless to say that the cost of this publication has been very great. It is in England alone that such an enterprise could have been undertaken with reasonable assurance of success. We have depended entirely on the public for recompense, and that recompense has been accorded to us.

We reply to every letter, requiring an answer, that may be sent to us with the writer's name and address, but we pay no attention to anonymous communications.

The Office of the Editor of the ART-JOURNAL is 16, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, where all Editorial communications are to be addressed. Letters, &c., for the Publishers should be forwarded to 26, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row.

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THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, JUNE 1, 1868.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

INTRODUCTION.



HIS, "the one hundredth" Exhibition, is far from the best that has been known within the last hundred, or even within the last five years, yet may it be accepted as pleasing and promising;—pleasing by its bright, gay aspect, its cheerful spirit; and promising chiefly in the new life imparted by young and rapidly-rising artists inside as well as outside the circle of the Academy. It is to be deplored that the large "East Room" sustains almost irreparable injury by two centres unusual in size, the works of Academicians from whom better things, in days gone by, at all events, might have been anticipated: the one the 'Battle of the Alma,' by Sir Francis Grant; the other, 'Rent-day in the Wilderness,' by Sir Edwin Landseer. Other rooms are likewise weighed down heavily by that respectable mediocrity which has become known as essentially Academic. Thus the public will learn to look for what there may be of vitality in these annual Exhibitions mainly to the aspiring talent which, though not indifferent to honours as a desert, may despise prescriptive titles when used for protection or a refuge. Fortunately for the Academy, it has taken to itself the liberty of adding largely to the list of its Associates; fortunately, also, for its future destinies, the rank and *prestige* which this venerable body can confer are still ardently sought by artists who, though outsiders, rank among the best members of the profession; fortunately, likewise, the time may not be far distant when illustrious foreign artists, enrolled as honorary members, shall bring to our Academy talent wide in its range and strict in its training. Thus there seems reason to hope that the second Centenary of our Academy, upon which we are about to enter, may be the dawn of a better and brighter era. The history of the first hundred years is now closed; that history will recount phases in the English school which belong essentially to the past. The nightmare genius of Fuseli, the blanket draperies of Barry, the buckram high Art of Haydon, are past and gone: even the pre-Raphaelitism which so recently served as the apprenticeship of genius we see swept clean from the rooms of the Exhibition, leaving scarcely a remnant, a rag, or a weed to tell the tale. And so the close of the Centenary finds the Academy in a state of imminent transition: let us hope, then, that those things which are ready to die will pass away utterly, and that now, under the promise of reform and the immediate prospect of a commodious building,

the Academy of our country may be made commensurate with the increasing demands of the age. The present Exhibition, which we trust may prove the last held in Trafalgar Square, finds, as we have hinted, the English school, like the Academy itself, in a state of transition and turmoil. There are here signs patent on every wall that the ultra-naturalism to which our artists have been committed is about to obtain mitigation; that servile literalism will yet receive enlargement and liberty under the reinstated dominion of imagination; that trivial detail and soulless drudgery will give place to breadth which has meaning, and modes of study having high expression for their end. There are indications, likewise, that our school of colour—perhaps the best in Europe—is now in process of passing from mere decorative harmonies into subtleties refined, and tones suggestive of thought. Finally, what may have been narrow and exclusive in our national school seems about to gain extension and liberation by contact and sympathy with foreign and distant Arts, ancient as well as modern. We see on all sides the influence of the French school upon the English; we observe the salutary sway of mediævalism over our modern times; and, above all, we rejoice to mark the spell which classic beauty is once more asserting over minds gifted with imagination and endowed with poetic insight. Thus, though the present Exhibition falls by accident short of the average, it rises above average in promise. Errors seem to be working a self-cure; abuses are yielding to reason and justice; so that really the time comes when the Academy shall not be estranged from genius or divorced from nature.

I. HISTORY, SACRED AND SECULAR.

The Academy catalogue prints on its first page a passage which points to a high school of Art, now extinct. As a compliment to the Prime Minister, a telling extract is made from the writings of Disraeli the elder. "The poet and the painter," wrote Isaac Disraeli, "are only truly great by the mutual influence of their studies." Assuredly poetry and painting have proved in the past, and ought always to serve in the future, as mutual aid and inspiration the one to the other. Of late, however, our English school has cruelly suffered from severance of this high relation between inspiring thought and expressive form, which is the only true condition of high Art. "Milton, Michael Angelo, and Handel," proceeds Isaac Disraeli, "belong to the same order of mind." Yet the misfortune is that this order of mind no longer survives either in poetry, sculpture, or music. Neither Milton, Michael Angelo, nor Handel obtains any appreciable response in the Academy of the year to which this text, enunciated by the father of the present Prime Minister, serves as a motto. And in part, high Art is extinct just because "Milton and Michael Angelo" have been made to give way to modern modes and frivolous fashions. Certainly, we can scarcely, in the presence of this Exhibition, say with Isaac Disraeli that "the same imaginative powers or the same sensibility is operating only through different materials" in Arts once represented by Milton, Michael Angelo, and Handel. Such imaginative powers and sensibilities are simply gone, they do not exist. The age may possibly still ask for "history" of some sort, only to be suited to a "London season:" that history must have little in common with "Milton, Michael Angelo, or Handel!"

Nevertheless, "history, sacred and secular," still, even to this day, in the Academy survives after a sort not wholly without dignity, and certainly not without detail. It is true that the large imaginative treatment of former times, which could afford to ignore what belonged either to topography or tailoring, is now beyond either painter or public. And so, for better or for worse, we are at length committed to the keeping of the conscientious antiquary. Thus has arisen what may be termed "the South Kensington School" of historic painting, as sanctioned by "the Government department of Science and Art." This prevailing mode, whether it date from the Brompton Boilers or from the schools in Trafalgar Square, is not Italian, still less is it Greek; yet its praise may be that it is intrinsically English, for assuredly the manner has truth, conscience, and sincerity.

FREDERICK GOODALL, R.A., has entered on the precincts of Christian Art: having long dwelt in the frontier-lands of the Old Testament, he now passes to the still higher regions of the New. That Mr. Goodall in his two companion figures, 'Mater Purissima' (267) and 'Mater Dolorosa' (284), has failed, even judged by historic standards, few will assert. That he will have satisfied the ideal which many Christians have fondly cherished, is in the nature of things unlikely. But what may be more to the purpose, he has evidently given honest and profound expression to the convictions which dwell in his own mind. And this is what we have a right to demand of an artist, whether ancient or modern; the mission, indeed, of Christian painters in former times was but to speak out honestly and earnestly such truth as might be in them. We think, in fact, it may be pleaded in favour of Mr. Goodall's attempts, that they are untainted by the insincerity and assumption which have proved the bane of religious Art in modern days. It is no small relief that we have not here, for the thousandth time, mere prescriptive emotion, or even an inane traditional type. We may, indeed, be thankful for what we have been spared; for indeed to paint the Madonna on a scale larger than life is a perilous attempt. We may also remark on a seemingly reticence in the treatment: the character is not allowed to break into decisive individuality or strong naturalism; on the contrary, it maintains unperturbed placidity and unpronounced generality. Yet this reticence and repose by no means commit the artist to the severity of early Christian schools. Mr. Goodall has been content to escape prettiness; he has been satisfied when the Madonna rose above the beauty of a doll, but he has not desired to push abnegation of flesh and blood into that austerity which the early Christian painters believed essential to sanctity. Softness, indeed, has been the painter's receipt for sentiment, and certainly we have seldom seen tones treated with more tenderness or refinement. In fact, the general aspect of these works is essentially modern, or, at furthest, they cannot date back beyond the historic epoch of Carlo Dolce and Sassoferrato. The unsullied beauty, the unclouded serenity of the 'Mater Purissima' become shadowed in the 'Mater Dolorosa.' "The life of the Virgin Mary," writes Mrs. Jameson, "when treated as a strictly historical series, forms a kind of pictured drama in successive scenes; sometimes comprising only six or eight scenes," "sometimes extending to forty or fifty subjects." "We often find the seven



joys and the seven sorrows of the Virgin treated as a series." Mr. Goodall concentrates the burden of sorrow into one picture; the figure bows under the weight of woe. "All ye who pass by, behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow." The crucifixion is over, and the Madonna, as in Delaroche's 'Good Friday,' sinks in desolation. The treatment is scarcely traditional: Mr. Goodall has neither painted a 'Pietà' nor a 'Stabat Mater' at the cross; yet here is the 'Mourning Mother' alone, in the true character of 'Mater Dolorosa.' The treatment suited to the subject was obvious: the tone, as a matter of course, is kept low; the colour is preserved in quiet solemnity; the drawing and the chiaroscuro attain such force and grandeur as the painter had at command. The result, if not all that might be wished, is certainly more than in these days can be generally hoped for. If comparisons were not odious, we might say that Mr. Goodall, in the 'Mater Dolorosa,' approaches Delaroche, and in the 'Mater Purissima' Ary Scheffer.

EDWARD ARMITAGE, A.R.A., exhibits his most elaborate work. That it will pass without hostile criticism is more than the artist can expect. Nevertheless 'Herod's Birthday Feast' (520) is sufficiently defiant to command respect; it is a bold manifesto of that deliberately historic style which has of late years unfortunately fallen to a discount. The story depicted is soon told. When Herod's birthday was kept, the daughter of Herodias danced and pleased Herod. The rapture wrought by this voluptuous Eastern dance is depicted vividly, even passionately. The artist has set forth this sumptuous birthday festival with all possible parade of circumstance and surroundings. The banquet table, laid before a stately corridor of Doric columns, is crowded with guests disposed at their ease after true *triclinium* fashion. The banquet board itself is loaded with the fruits and viands of a sunny clime and of a land of plenty. The moment has come when "dinner parties," ancient no less than modern, are given over to jocund cheer, yet the ladies have not quitted the table; indeed, this high debauch may recall another magnificent orgie, 'The Decline of the Romans,' by Couture, with this difference, that the colour has less of romance and delicacy. The picture has the detail of realism rather than the breadth of generalisation, or the ideal reach of imagination. Indeed, Mr. Armitage has allied himself deliberately to those schools which profess to make vivid appeal to the mind through facts patent to the senses. Thus no realistic detail has been overlooked which might serve to make the eye of the spectator present at the scene. A stately colonnade, such as might then have stood in Jerusalem, encircles the composition; the *dado* is decorated with hangings after Eastern fashion; the floor is laid with mosaics common to outlying territories of the Roman empire; lamps are hung from the wall or placed upon the table, like to those now in the Naples Museum: such lamps doubtless found their way to Jerusalem when Judea became a Roman province. Herod in his regal robe and laurel crown, as Tetrarch, is of course not Jewish, but Roman. The painter, during a recent tour, collected his materials in Naples and in Capri, localities which, in the time of Tiberius, became notorious for orgies. Such topographical, or rather antiquarian, literalness, has advantages, but likewise disadvantages. The intellect may be informed, but the imagination often remains cold. The greatest

Italian pictures prove that when the mind of the artist burns ardently, literal facts are merged. Thus a pageant painted by Titian or Veronese, though it outrage known records, has a worth beyond the most faithful chronicle ever penned or painted. Mr. Armitage has produced a work honourable to himself and to the Academy. We live in a day when Art must be strict as science, and faithful as a memoir for the Society of Antiquarians. Mr. Armitage has complied with these hard conditions. His picture will live in the annals of national Art.

E. M. WARD, R.A., has the advantage of a winning subject, out of which he makes an effective and popular picture. 'The Royal Marriage, 1477' (156), is an incident which brings upon the scene many of the best known characters of the time. The happy pair are a couple of little children: the bride, in her fourth year, is the orphan Lady Anne Mowbray, heiress of Norfolk; the bridegroom, in his fifth year, is second son of the reigning sovereign, Edward IV. The Prince of Wales, still a youth, who for a brief space was to be King of England, is present at the ceremony. King Edward IV., deemed one of the handsomest men of his day, has been appropriately cast into the obscurity of the background: his character might ill bear the light. His brother Gloucester, bearing a countenance "the frontispiece of weighty thought," the Richard of the future, crafty and saturnine, is likewise, as the evil genius of the drama, suitably thrown into shadow; stealthily in a corner he crouches as in ambush, brooding mischief, the "Marplot" of coming history. More in the light of day, as clear of conscience, stands forward the queen-mother, Elizabeth Woodville, perhaps the only personage who had real heart in the ceremony. The scene is laid at the altar of St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster. A bishop and two priests, solemn in imperturbable stolidity, join the little pair in the bands of "holy wedlock." Signally fortunate is the painter's delineation of the minikin couple. It is comical to see how earnestly the little prince strives to play his part well—how conscientiously he does as a good boy what he has been told. The little lady is cared for by her nurse, who stands by in case of need. The painter has seized to the very life the childlike nature of the infant couple. There is an awkward grace, a timid resolve, a simple innocence true to children of all periods, whether the century be the fifteenth or the nineteenth. Passing from the humanity of the picture to its Art qualities and technical execution, much may be said in praise of the composition, colour, and realistic detail. We congratulate Mr. Ward on his return to history. Few artists have painted national events with greater power or more weighty meaning. He seizes the gist of his subject with a strong hand.

Mrs. E. M. WARD exhibits her best picture, 'Sion House, 1553' (467), otherwise Lady Jane Gray consenting to accept the crown. The story is almost too well known to require explanation. The artist has chosen the critical turning-point in the ill-fated life of the studious, simple-minded princess. It will be remembered how, on the death of Edward VI., Lady Jane was wholly disinclined to the crown; how she observed to those around her that she seemed to herself a very unfit person to be a queen. Having, indeed, given to Plato the thought which princes usually surrender to ambition, she expressed absolute displeasure when it was announced to her, in the quiet retreat of Sion House, that

measures had been taken to secure to her the succession. The charming picture before us reveals the lady of pretty, somewhat Puritanical features, seated, but scarcely at her ease; her mind evidently has been sorely pained and perplexed; indeed, we are told that when Lady Jane Gray was addressed as queen, she trembled, uttered a shriek, and fell to the ground. In vain had Northumberland, Suffolk, Pembroke, and others urged upon a student given to contemplation the assumption of a troublesome crown. Discomfited, they retreat to a corridor, where they may be seen plotting further proceedings. The point seized by the painter is when the attack is renewed by a mother moved with ambition, and by a husband who urges the claims of affection. Lady Jane Gray at last yields, but, if we read the face aright as here rendered by an artist who interprets character with a woman's instinct, not without violence to the voice of conscience, and to that better nature which would fain have lived apart from worldly rank and vanity. All this seems to be suggested by the refined, pensive face, sensitive to sorrow, which wears presentiment of evil and the shadow of misfortune. The whole picture is studious of simplicity, and so the appeal to sympathy becomes all the more direct. Beauty, youth, innocence, are made the victim of ambition—this is the moral of the work, this the reading of the story. In artistic qualities the painter surpasses her former self. The execution has force as well as delicacy, the colour brilliancy; the realism of accessories could scarcely be more complete. Altogether the artist has good reason to be satisfied with the reception given to her work; it is capably hung, and tells well under the ordeal of exhibition.

W. F. YEAMES, A.R.A., also takes as the subject of a successful picture an incident from the touching story of Lady Jane Gray. The simple-minded, truth-seeking lady is here seen seated in prison; opposite, the Dean of Westminster, the emissary of Queen Mary, has planted himself, with the purpose of assailing her faith. With what avail, the whole bearing of 'Lady Jane in the Tower' (363) sufficiently declareth. Frail in physical frame, the noble prisoner remains in the presence of death steadfast in faith. Much thought, but no irresolution, may be read in that calm countenance; the clasp of the hands bespeaks fixity of purpose. The dean, a fierce, narrow fanatic, flings, as it were, arguments at the head of his gentle antagonist, who simply remains unmoved, firm in her Protestant creed, serene in an unclouded conscience. The picture, in fact, is a searching analysis of character. The artist, as usual, in the use of colour shows nice distinctions; he is fond of such quiet concords as may be deduced from monotonies; the varied harmonies brought out of unobtrusive greys should not pass without observation. Mr. Yeames, indeed, has seldom permitted himself to break out into violent positives; he prefers secondary and tertiary hues, which indeed, it must be confessed, are most consonant with serious thought, and certainly best in keeping with imprisonment and impending death. The handling is, as usual, free from show or assumption; each touch has point, and bears out the intention. The painter also exhibits a small study, 'A Chimney-corner in Hever Castle.' Mr. Yeames is a steady, conscientious, but hardly brilliant painter.

Similar praise belongs to Mr. D. W. WYNFIELD, who once more recurs to the times of the Commonwealth in a solidly-painted picture representing 'Oliver Crom-

well's First Appearance in Parliament' (410). King Charles, having delivered his speech before the assembled Commons, has just left the House. The mace is on the table, the speaker in his chair. Cromwell, a prominent character, stands firm, evidently ready to hold his own and maintain his ground. In the assembly may also be distinguished Strafford, Pym, Holles, Selden, Eliot, Phillips, Hobart, Brooke, Valentine, Strode, &c. The portraits are faithful; the solid, sober character of Puritanical times has been preserved. Hon. members, then as now, were permitted the privilege of keeping hats on, a liberty which favours picturesque effect. The treatment is broad and simple; thus alone, indeed, could the composition escape from being scattered. The light falls on the front figures, while a half-shadow is cast across the middle distance: thus the composition is sufficiently well kept together. The picture perhaps tends a little to blackness, and a lighter hand, with more of dexterous play in the touch, might have given to the scene greater sparkle and animation. The artist, however, has the merit of having worked in the spirit of earnestness and truth.

Baron H. LEYS we are glad to greet within our English Academy. This well-known artist, it may be hoped, will find himself among the first elections in the new class of foreign honorary members. Leys' picture illustrates words spoken by the President at the Academy dinner as follows:—"I anticipate that the annual exhibition of some of the works of those distinguished artists who will constitute the class of foreign honorary members will not only add great attraction to our Exhibitions, but will tend to the elevation and improvement of Art. We shall certainly gain much from them, while, without vanity, we may hope they may borrow something from us. The result we may expect from this international exchange of ideas and experience must, I think, lead to the improvement of the Art of all nations." The style of Baron Leys is already familiar to our readers. We may, however, say that this picture, which takes for its subject an incident in the history of Antwerp some three centuries ago, appears less anomalous in the midst of our antagonistic modern school than might have been expected. The colour is deep, dusky, sombre; character has marked individuality; the light is not concentrated, but evenly distributed; the painting is solid; the general aspect angular and hard. These are merits that sometimes verge upon defects; yet, on the other hand, this elaborate composition contains individual figures which for truth and earnest expression remain beyond rivalry. The work may be accepted as the nearest approach extant to the good old style of Van Eyck and Memling.

C. W. COPE, R.A., is not at his best. Among other works he exhibits a picture far from satisfactory, 'The Disciples at Emmaus' (288). The colour is vivid and showy. There is little pretence to local truth, and yet the treatment is far from an ideal standard. W. DOBSON, A.R.A., has scarcely added to his reputation by his large and full composition, 'Christ Raising the Widow's Son' (243). Some of the artist's small rustic figures retain a refined simplicity. Mr. GALE'S 'Nazareth' (551) shows care; the work is perhaps an advance upon the artist's recent productions. Miss STARR'S 'David before Saul' (509) certainly merits the Academic honour it received; it is a conscientious study, which

betrays little of the inexperience of youth. CALTHROP'S 'Last Song of the Girondins' (390) seems to have been inspired by analogous works of Müller and Delaroche: the picture is dark. The painter, who is young, has talent which ought to lead him to success. LEGROS' 'Refectory' is broad to a fault, and vigorous with a vengeance; solemn monotony of tone and colour is unrelieved by brilliancy of touch or animation in light. Yet is there a certain rude grandeur in all that Legros paints. Finally, we must not forget a large work of the solemn, orthodox, historic sort, 'The forced Abdication of Mary Stuart' (348), by C. LUCY. The painter has made a tremendous and praiseworthy effort to do his best. Whether care has escaped commonplace, colour crudity, action stage-spasm, some people have been heard to question. We commend the work according to its merits to the favourable notice of our readers.

II. SUBJECTS SEMI-HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL.

The classification we adopt, though convenient for clearness, cannot be carried to absolute completeness. Under our present heading, however, may, with logical sequence, be comprised that large and important category in the English school which lies on the dividing confine of public and private life, works which touch not the transactions of the State, but rather draw near to the homes and the lives of private individuals and families. Such compositions, if they hold no wide relations to humanity at large, may bring us into contact with the learned, the pious, or the philanthropic of the past, whose memories we love to cherish, whose deeds we are glad to see recorded in the Arts of their country. Art, though seldom with advantage directly didactic, ought to lose no opportunity of adding dignity to man, of raising the standard of public opinion, of improving the taste of the people by what is true, honourable, and lovely. It is to be feared that painters, too often forgetful of this their vocation, are content to amuse by pretty trifles, and to please by gay frivolity. Artists wield a power and a spell which, as a matter of conscience, they are bound to direct wisely and well. It should be their purpose to enliven what might otherwise be heavy in truth, to animate what is often slow and plodding in worth, to add lacking grace to common-place virtue, and thus to throw sunshine around the life or the household posterity loves to honour. There is in the world of Art a poetic justice; there should be, as it were, a pictorial special providence to watch over the destiny of individuals; it may even be said that a picture is as a life beyond life, wherein the good may receive the recompense they have failed to obtain from the world. It is not often that pictures of this serious purpose gain entrance to the Academy, for, in truth, it has generally happened that chiefly artists of a second-rate order have given themselves to teaching or preaching upon canvas. Genius spurns control, and certainly a work of Art-genius will be judged not so much by its moral, as by its lines of composition, its pictorial character, its colour and chiaroscuro. Still we might have hoped that, at any rate, Academicians, if worthy of their dignity, would be able to reconcile true Art qualities with noble intellectual thoughts. As express religious Art is all but extinct, it becomes the more needful that religion should make her presence felt in pictures of every-day life. What we want in the present day, said Dr. Arnold, is the spirit and the power of

Christianity in the common affairs of the world. The old Italian artists may teach what spirit it is possible to throw over "subjects semi-historical and biographical." It were well to contrast the lives of saints painted in great and true Art-epochs with the pictures of our own period. Saints may have passed a little out of date, but there are saints and martyrs of science, champions of truth, patriots and defenders of liberty, who, in place of sacred characters no longer in keeping with the present secular tone of thought, might serve us well for "subjects semi-historical and biographical." We know of people who give themselves up at stated times to the worship of the illustrious dead, to the express reverence of genius as it has resided in human form. And we incline to think that in place of pictures of mere frivolity, we might with profit see in the Academy semi-historic and biographic themes treated in like reverent spirit. Surely there can be no lack of material when the biographic range is from Galileo to Herschel, from Homer to Dante, from Chaucer to Milton, from Plato to Descartes, &c., &c. We have a right to expect that the Academy should take an intellectual lead—that it should from time to time bring the Art of the period up to the advancing spirit of the age. Hitherto, in point of intellect, the movement has been downwards. What we need are subjects chosen for nobility and worth, types of humanity the highest which history records, an Art-treatment directly intellectual, form intent with thought, colour in strict relation to expression.

W. P. FRITH, R.A., makes himself quite at home among the literary celebrities of last century. The sparkle of his style is just in keeping with the keen wit of the smart writers and club-men who dined with Garrick and Boswell, or found a pleasant rendezvous in the painting-room of Reynolds. Here, for example (87), we are introduced at the lodgings of Boswell in Old Bond Street to an illustrious party waiting for dinner. Dr. Johnson writes, Boswell "honoured me with his company at dinner" to meet "Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Garrick, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Bickerstaff, and Mr. Thomas Davies." "Goldsmith, to divert the tedious minutes, strutted about bragging of his dress; his mind was wonderfully prone to such impressions." How much like a picture does the written narrative run! The painter has little else to do than follow literally "the best biography in the language." "The bloom-coloured coat" in which Goldsmith figures himself off before the looking-glass is the making of the picture. "When the tailor brought home my bloom-coloured coat, he said, 'Sir, I have a favour to beg of you; when anybody asks who made your clothes, be pleased to mention John Filby.'" "Why, sir," retorted Johnson, "that was in order that people might see how well the fellow could make a coat even of so absurd a colour." This composition may be accepted as among Mr. Frith's happiest efforts. The subject, which is well chosen, admits of more serious intent, and more weight and calibre of intellect than some of the frivolous themes whereon the painter has heretofore expended, not to say squandered, his talents. The work has more than accustomed sobriety of motive and simplicity of treatment.

Mr. Frith, by a not unnatural intuition of what befits him best, has once more drawn inspiration from the writings of Goldsmith and Sterne. A scene (340) from the play, *She Stoops to Conquer*, has been seized with point and satire. Tony Lumpkin, with the gawky *gaucherie*

for which he has become illustrious, measuring his height back to back with Miss Neville, gives the young lady an awkward bump on the head, which makes fly a cloud of white hair-powder. The scene must have been enacted a thousand times on the stage, but Mr. Frith may claim the advantage of a better "cast" of the characters than usually falls to the good fortune of "managers." As a "stage-manager," in fact, the painter is seldom at fault; he knows exactly how to place his characters; he seizes the positions in which they tell best. 'Sterne's Maria' (320) is, of course, shadowed by melancholy; the poor demented girl "looks with wistful disorder;" the picture reaches a pathos not common to the painter. Mr. Frith also exhibits a portrait of 'Mr. Sothern in the Character of the Marquis de Tourville' (618). 'Sterne and the French Inn-keeper's Daughter' (167) winds up the list of Mr. Frith's contributions. The author of "The Sentimental Journey" does not present the physiognomy he wore in the National Portrait Gallery of last year; still his aspect is true to the salient traits in his dubious character. The picture, which the artist has made agreeable to the senses, cannot be deemed of a high order.

These several scenes selected from the pages of light literature are, as we have said, singularly well suited to Mr. Frith's sparkling style and light-hearted sentiment. If the painter be not profound, assuredly he is not heavy. In Art he may be said to hold a place analogous to that of Oliver Goldsmith or Washington Irving in literature. The diction of his pictures, so to speak, sparkles as it flows; the narrative runs in a fluent, liquid stream, if the thoughts seldom sink deep; at any rate, by floating superficially on a smooth surface they escape turgidity or obscurity. A picture by Mr. Frith may be compared to a drama by Sheridan; or, again, it may be said that the artist's touch is as playful and ready as the diction of Charles Mathews. He adorns a tale, and seldom cares to point its moral.

J. C. HORSLEY, R.A., has something in common with W. P. Frith. Each alike glides over the surface of a subject agreeably and smoothly. 'Rent-day at Haddon Hall' (302) is one of Horsley's largest and perhaps most successful works. The subject is fortunate, even though hackneyed. 'Rent-day' since Wilkie's picture and Jerrold's play has always been a favourite theme; and 'Haddon Hall' must have been painted a thousand times within living memory. But perhaps a subject is scarcely the worse for frequent painting; what it may lose in novelty it gains through association. And there is even something new in this the latest transcript of the venerable old hall: the roof has seldom been seen before! Yet the elevation thus gained is far from an advantage; the vacant "canvas to let" does injury to the picture. Had not, indeed, the painter hit upon the expedient of placing part of his company in the minstrels' gallery, the composition must have been involved in ruin. Yet the picture still hangs together rather loosely, notwithstanding the skilful attempt made to connect the figures on the floor with the spectators near the ceiling. The picture is painted up to the artist's accustomed pitch; he commonly depends more on incident than finished execution—on the story told rather than on subtle Art-qualities in the treatment. Perhaps Mr. Horsley's *forte* lies in the incidents and mishaps of love; his vein of sly wit and quiet drollery sparkles upon such scenes pleasantly and prettily. After this sort is a small misadventure which has

befallen a youth who enacts the sweet innocent to perfection. The picture has been christened 'Detected' (197). 'Near Neighbours' (129)—a scene of love in its early stage of melancholy and misgiving—is dexterously managed and delicately mingled with sentiment. Again the scene is laid at Haddon Hall. The incident is prettily told, and the treatment shows more than common care and taste. This picture presents the artist in one of his happiest moods.

HENRY O'NEIL, A.R.A., exhibits another composition of figures in distress on a flight of stairs. In 'Eastward-ho' and 'Home again' the leave-taking was on a ladder: here, however, in 'The Night before Waterloo' (247), the parting and heart-breaking are more comfortably arranged on a flight of stairs. The scene is laid in a house where a memorable ball was held on the eve of the great battle. The grand, but by this time hackneyed stanzas of Byron scarcely need to be recounted:—

"There was a sound of revelry by night," &c.
"Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears and tremblings of distress," &c.

Readers to whom the glowing rhapsody of Byron is familiar may be somewhat disappointed with Mr. O'Neil's picture; words, in fact, often suggest, through the imagination, more than can be conveyed through the eye; and it is not permitted to every one to follow in the wake of Byron without suffering diminution and loss. Yet Mr. O'Neil has given us a picture which, if not vigorous or signal for rare Art-qualities, is unusually agreeable and gay. The scene is singularly exciting: we behold a pageant in an instant turned into a panic! The house where the ball was held no longer exists, and at this interval of time, identification of the company is obviously not easy; so the painter has relied upon conjecture for his accessories, and is indebted to his personal friends for his faces. Some people may doubt whether the picture thus gains in imagination an equivalent for what it loses in historic data. The execution throughout shows a careful brush.

J. R. HERBERT, R.A., passes from history to landscape in his picture of 'The Valley of Moses, in the Desert of Sinai' (138). Thus the figures and camel are held in subordination to the desert and the mountains. Mr. Herbert, even before he saw the East, had an intuition of the Eastern climate and atmosphere. The air is here translucent, not an opaque northern mist, but a brilliant southern halo; the shadows are of pure bluish-grey, sharply defined, with light and detail reflected therein, as always in these latitudes of dazzling sunshine. Yet is the painting rather thin, meagre, and starved. Glorious, however, as a vision rises the grand range of Mount Sinai, accurately drawn in outline and delicately detailed in shade. The camel is but a poor creature; better, by far, are the human pilgrims. Character and precision mark the figures, as might, indeed, be expected in a professed figure-painter. Altogether the picture is true to the genius of the spot. The Academician's son, W. V. HERBERT, exhibits a picture, 'Captives from Britain in the Flavian Amphitheatre' (620), which has many qualities in common with the father's established style. The son, like the father, can paint a picture in a high, brilliant key, with plenty of sunlight on the canvas. In the work he now exhibits the atmosphere and the colour are of the South thoroughly. We behold the Coliseum of Rome crowded with guests;

the encircling seats of the amphitheatre are seen in the broad generality of distance. Against this subdued and well-managed background the figures of Christians in combat with wild beasts tell boldly by contrast of strong colour to neutral tone. The merit of the work has been marred by a forced spasmodic action unbecoming to historic dignity.

E. CROWE has rectified faults which proved somewhat fatal in his recent pictures. 'Mary Stuart, February 8th, 1586' (673), is painted with more delicacy and finish than usual to the artist. We again think that this composition, in common with some of its predecessors, is unfortunate in its lines. The poor queen lies diagonally across the canvas, an object painful to behold, whether in humanity or in Art. The manipulation, however, shows decided advance on the artist's recent efforts; the surface of paint is smooth, perhaps too smooth; and the light somehow caught on the figure is eminently effective. It is evident that Mr. Crowe has made considerable effort to correct the faults which have proved to the prejudice of his admitted talents. 'The Orphans of Charles I. at Carisbrooke' (672) is a work by which J. HAYLLAR again perplexes critics and confounds admirers. In this historic episode the artist, however, for a moment rises above mere surface show. The picture is actually not destitute of thought. Still the point emphasised involves little higher than a somewhat violent contrast between pathos and humour. Mr. Hayllar brings to his work so much ready adroitness, with knowledge, at least, of effect, that the more have we to regret the absence of serious purpose. Just the same objection must be urged against a picture by G. E. HICKS, 'The Escape of the Countess of Morton to Paris with Henrietta, infant Daughter of Charles I.' (613). The composition is clever, but somewhat common; a scene fatal to royalty is treated with frivolity. The composition wants balance and symmetry; and thus, in place of order, the picture is committed to disorder. Yet the execution and the colour are alike brilliant; nevertheless, we have here nothing above what is known as *genre* history. C. GOLDIE'S 'Child-Martyr borne across the Roman Campagna to the Catacombs' (552) may be mentioned as a somewhat praiseworthy work, delicate in manipulation, reverent in spirit, and yet feeble. Also we gladly point to Madame JERICHAU'S 'Martyr' (443), as commendable for aspiration in motive, and for more than common care in cast of drapery. The artist seems to be striving for something better than the low naturalism to which the Danish school has proved itself deplorably committed at each recurrent International Exhibition.

III. COMPOSITIONS IMAGINATIVE AND POETIC.

Works of imagination are happily on the increase. A reaction has evidently come upon the realism in which our English school has well-nigh suffered shipwreck. Not only in choice of subjects, but in modes of treatment, are imagination, fancy, poetry, gaining ground within the Academy, so that at last there seems the possibility that painting may rise from a merely imitative into a noble creative Art. The intention thus manifest is praiseworthy, though the actual attainment fall, for the present, short of the aspiration. There is still something juvenile, something of the style of a schoolboy's essay on a fine theme, in many of the imaginative products of our painters. Poetic flights stand in special

need of care and watchfulness; romantic schools and styles are proverbially seductive. The nude, which is again obtaining sufferance, specially demands vigilance and reticence in its use. From Titian down as low as Cabanel, the nude has been treated with a license less worthy of Eden than of a seraglio. On the whole, however, we have reason to be content with the renewed attempt made in the English school; the human form, if not quite divine as unveiled within the Academy, is, at any rate, more noble, and nearly as modest, as when vested by the milliner or the tailor.

"Compositions imaginative and poetic," as exemplified in the Academy, challenge criticism. It may be asked, in the first place, is the painter's thought true, beautiful, and good? and then follows the question whether the idea, if good, has been carried out well. Specially must form be studied scrupulously; it is an element in which our artists are often weak, and of which romantic schools in general are notoriously negligent. In short, every work of imagination must accord with the strict Art-laws of form, composition, chiaroscuro, and colour; otherwise, though good as a poem, it becomes worthless as a picture. The Academy shows that our nascent romantic school means well; still it is but too evident that much remains wanting—first, in power of creative thought, and second, in technical means of utterance.

A. ELMORE, R.A., again produces an exquisite example of his subtle, studious, and high-wrought style. 'Two Women shall be grinding at the Mill' (205) is the text which the painter takes literally. The materials were obviously gathered by the artist in his recent tour to Algiers. It is difficult to conceive of more noble types of womanhood than Mr. Elmore has here embodied; the picture is at once real and ideal, literal, yet imaginative. We need scarcely point to the deliberate drawing, to the elevated expression, to the deep rich tone of colour, to the studied maturity of the whole composition, even to its smallest detail. These are the qualities which have given Mr. Elmore his pre-eminent position. The artist's second work, 'Ishmael' (235), is a study from life painfully yet poetically true.

P. F. POOLE, R.A., was never in more imaginative mood than when he painted from Chaucer, 'Custance sent adrift by the Constable of Alla, King of Northumberland' (188). The picture is indeed a poem, a dream, a vision of delight. The bark which bears Custance and her little child glides over a shimmering sea lit by the silver moon. Steadfastly does the mother gaze to heaven as cruel destiny drives her on. The conception is grand; the whole scene suggestive, the treatment large and broad, the execution not without force. The picture ranks as one of the very best examples of Mr. Poole's latest manner. The artist's second work, 'A Border Raid' (382), is also solemn under the shades of night. The picture is scarcely a success; it appears, indeed, little more than a rubbing-in, so much does it stand in need of drawing, character, and pronounced detail.

D. MACLISE, R.A., reverts to old themes with all his accustomed power. 'The Sleep of Duncan' (439) is awe-moving: mystery lurks in the darkness, terror creeps along the shadows. The composition is not so much crowded as concentrated. The painter's merits and defects are equally in force. The picture is poetry petrified, imagination cast into metal, sentiment turned into shadowy blackness. Altogether the style has a repellent spell. The figure

of Duncan as he sleeps is grand. In tenderer strains does Mr. MacLise breathe forth the story of St. Agnes' Eve. 'Madeline after Prayer' (585) contrasts favourably with the notorious reading of the same subject by Mr. Millais. The picture is most lovely; never did Mr. MacLise endow the female form with greater beauty; never did he paint draperies and accessories of the toilet with a hand of more illusive witchery.

JOHN MILLAIS, R.A., has again passed into a new phase, and at each unexpected turn of the kaleidoscope come brilliant effects of colour and of light. The artist's last manner glories in bold *bravura*: the brush no longer patiently pauses, waits upon form, or feels its way to finish, but dashes furiously at the goal, strikes at once the climax, and hits or misses at a venture. Yet never has the painter's genius been more triumphant. Mr. Millais' chief contribution is from the well-known scene in *As You Like It* where 'Rosalind, Celia, and Touchstone' (70) find themselves in the Forest of Arden. "Now am I in Arden," exclaims Touchstone, "and more fool I." Rosalind finding her legs weary, all three seat themselves round a tree. Such is the bold and original composition which the painter invests with rare beauty of form and of colour. The style is essentially large; there is not even in the foreground a suspicion of pre-Raphaelism. On the contrary, the moss on the beech-trunk and the leaves thick on the earth are painted with dash, mastery, and off-hand facility. Daring and delicious is the treatment of colour; purples, blues, yellows, browns, and turquoise greens are blended in unlooked-for harmonies.

'Pilgrims to St. Paul's' (356), otherwise Pensioners at the Tomb of Nelson, is solemn and impressive. If the last work might be designated 'Il Giorno,' this should be known as 'La Notte.' Dark is the tomb of the hero, deep the harmony of colour, reverent the head of age bowed in the presence of the dead. Perhaps we could have dispensed with the common-place symbol of a candle burnt to the socket. Mr. Millais in this expressly original work proves unusual mastery over his materials.

Three pictures of less pretence, but of no less skill, complete the list of Mr. Millais' contributions. 'Souvenir of Velasquez' (632), a diploma work, might have been better known as 'Velasquez outdone.' The manner of the great master has been seized with avenging hand. 'The Sisters' (6) are the artist's three daughters, grown in stature since last they made appearance in the Academy. Exquisite is this picture in its treatment; youthful complexions, white dresses, blue sashes, and pink azaleas make a delicious study of colour; the picture is in a light key, and accordingly brilliant and joyous. 'Stella' (242) is no less artistic; subtle is the chromatic relation between figure and background; delicate the reciprocity of chromatic concords; resonant in harmony are the reflected tones; light touched by tender shade reverberates as sound in cadence upon the ear. Mr. Millais defies criticism; he does simply what seemeth good in his own eyes; he tries experiment with light and works out problems in colour, and in the end seldom proves far wrong in his calculations. If he load paint a quarter of an inch thick upon canvas, it is simply because he believes that the desired effect demands no less lavish outlay of pigment. Yet on his canvases *impasto* is something more than plaster; it gains the value of Venetian polychrome; opaque colour melts into transparent, and the passages of tran-

sition prove rare knowledge and fine intuition. Mr. Millais claims a license, the privilege of genius; that his art oversteps moderation is the inevitable consequence of the conditions under which it first comes into being.

FREDERICK LEIGHTON, A.R.A., is strong after his accustomed style, which may be designated as romantic in spirit and Academic in form. The spirit of romance leads the painter from the actual present back into past times, and away into distant lands where imagination may take wing, and fancy play with poetic story, or weave fabrics of beauty from mythologic fable. Hence his picture of 'Ariadne' (328), a subject which has obtained loving solicitude from writers and artists, old and new. Ancient gems, exquisite in detail—paintings such as those found on the walls of Pompeii—have celebrated the love-lorn plight of the girl whom Theseus left weeping on the Naxian shore. Sir Noel Paton, who diverts hours of leisure by dalliance with the Muses, seems to have described with a difference this picture by Mr. Leighton:—

"Still as a stone, and palled as a flower
Left by sharp Eurus from Aurora's bower,
Under a marble cliff that guards the bay,
Her dark locks heavy with the midnight spray,
Alone the love-lorn Ariadne lay."

Mr. Leighton has placed his figure upon a rocky headland on the Aegean Sea, whence the return of Theseus had been long looked for. Artemis at length releases Ariadne from her misery; the hard rock is her death-couch; life tranquilly ebbs away from the figure; the drooping wrist and pendent finger are as the fading and falling of a flower when life is spent. Rest, eternal repose, after earth's turmoil, is the spirit the artist has cast over the scene. The painter seems to have been possessed by some statuesque ideal; the figure—perhaps a little too long drawn out in line—is classic in flow of graceful limb and drapery. Yet is the composition scarcely classic in severity, for the spirit of romance has suffused the forms with delicacy and romantic beauty. Thus the work confesses to a halting between two opinions. It may be objected, also, that the colour is somewhat opaque and chalky. These, however, are but slight blemishes in a work carefully studied and of rare beauty.

Another picture, 'Actæa, the Nymph of the Shore' (522), ideal in form and romantic in motive, Mr. Leighton has culled from the Greeks. Actæa, daughter of Nereus and sister of Thetis, and of Nereids in general, is mentioned by Homer in the 18th book of the "Iliad," as she rose from deep blue ocean with her sisters of the sea, in order to assuage the grief of Achilles. In the picture before us, however, the nymph, in a state of nature, is seen simply at her ease safe upon the shore. The artist has made some effort to paint flesh in its freshness and transparency; and, indeed, the more he renounces the opacity of the modern German school, and the more he can realise the brilliance of the old Venetian painters, the better for himself and his pictures. Mr. Leighton seems, indeed, to have striven for Titianesque grandeur and purpose of colour in his picture (227) of 'Jonathan and the Little Lad' (1 Sam. xx. 35). The painter has matured two styles, the one diverse from the other. To the more serious and severe pertains this picture of 'Jonathan,' which, for colour and high significance, rises above the artist's previous range. To the expressly romantic sphere belong such compositions as 'Acme and Septimius' (449), in delicious dalliance of love. Here, ac-

according to oft-repeated recipe, a light complexion meets a dark in mutual embrace. The spirit of Catullus verily presides over the picture. On the whole, the general opinion seems to be that the painter is more at home in a page from the classics than in a chapter from the Bible.

G. F. WATTS, R.A., wears the laurels to which he is entitled: the Academy has done honour to itself in honouring him. Mr. Watts has taken for his chief theme 'The Meeting of Jacob and Esau' (290). "The subject," says Mrs. Jameson, "is very fine, though seldom treated by any first-rate Italian master." Yet do we find the meeting and reconciliation of Jacob and Esau illustrated by Benozzo Gozzoli in the Campo Santo of Pisa, also in the Baptistery Gates in Florence by Ghiberti. Mr. Watts has departed from the prescribed custom of placing Jacob on his knees, and in this he is justified by the letter of Scripture. Whether the two characters are correctly read is subject to doubt; certainly the twins are dissembled in age no less than in disposition. Public sympathy still clings to Esau, notwithstanding the text "Esau have I hated;" and Mr. Watts is with the public, who generally side with what is noblest in humanity. Mrs. Jameson says of Jacob that there "is something cowardly, servile, dissembling, and selfish in his nature which renders him personally unattractive, and hardly a good example of morality." Esau, in contrast, is a man of noble nature and generous impulse. Mr. Watts has clothed his composition as in a tapestry of richest hues; on his canvas is colour without the encumbrance of pigment. Over the background, as in a solemn autumn landscape, are diffused the same blended harmonies of russet-red, golden-yellow, and moderating blue, which glow upon the figures. The forms seem to us not sufficiently firm, but certainly in colour we recognise the significant grandeur of the Venetian painters; and in the general intention are manifest a largeness and a meaning which have rarely been striven after since the extinction of the great Italian schools.

P. H. CALDERON, R.A., in his voluptuous figure, 'Eneone' (513), has played truant to mediocrity, and given himself over, at least for once, to the opposing school of romantic classicism. The picture is in the main a study from a magnificent model who created quite a sensation when set before the students of the Royal Academy. The figure does not answer to the character of Eneone; the girl is redolent in life, not wasted with love. The picture, which is scarcely marred as a picture by a wrong name, may, at any rate, be accepted as a noble type of womanhood, handsome to look at. The whole treatment is realistic, certainly not idealistic; the painter has, in short, trusted to a magnificent, though hardly refined model, rather than to the classic marbles of Pentelicus.

Mr. Calderon is more himself in a charmingly clever composition, 'The Young Lord Hamlet' (316) riding on the back of poor Yorick, the king's jester. We all remember how, in later days, Hamlet moralises over the skull of Yorick: "Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times." It was indeed a happy thought to turn these words into a picture. Here is the boy Hamlet, joyous and frolicsome, slashing, whip in hand, the back of poor Yorick; on the lawn as spectators are Ophelia—a baby in arms, her mother, to-

gether with the mother of Hamlet. Beyond the terrace garden stretches the open sea with jetty from the shore, such as to this day may be seen at Elsinore. The picture is brimful of daylight, and as brilliant in touch as it is charming in fancy.

'Whither?' (579) is Mr. Calderon's "Diploma work." The question asked suggests in the picture a mystery, which may have a tragedy for its ending. Over a wooden bridge stalks a formidable fellow, followed by a meek little maiden all obedience to his bidding. The story is made ominous by the trenchant delineation of character. The colour is rich and deep in harmony; and the management of the greens, always a difficulty, is skilful. Mr. Calderon has, in a drawing which responds to the line, 'With slumber and soft dreams of love oppressed' (760), repeated an experiment he once tried with good effect in the Dudley Gallery. This is in fact a painting in *tempera*, a material which has somewhat the brilliancy of the fresco process. Canvas is used as a ground, and the pigments, which are opaque, are mixed with a glutinous vehicle. The surface remains dead or "mat." We are glad to find the routine of oils and water-colours thus broken; a novelty within the Academy is specially refreshing. The *tempera* process, as may be seen by inspection of the surface and texture of this work, demands a manipulation rapid, ready, and sure. Re-touching would result in muddling. It will be observed that Mr. Calderon has adapted his execution to the exigencies of his material.

F. R. PICKERSGILL, R.A., exhibits two pictures which prove no deliverance from accustomed conventionality. W. Q. ORCHARDSON takes from the play of *Henry IV.* a scene (400) wherein Poins, Falstaff, and Prince Henry are actors. The arras, against which appears the unmistakable back of Falstaff, is a principal part of the picture. The artist once more is ready, adroit, rapid, and goes on his way rejoicing. His manner were better if less mannered; his pencil is rather scratchy; his colour, though good, relies as by rote on yellows and dusky tertiaries, with black for salient contrast. Talent the artist has undoubtedly. R. BURCHETT, master of the South Kensington School of Art, has painted a large showy scene from *Measure for Measure* (5-9), which does him considerable credit. He makes not unsuccessful encounter with the difficulties of an over-complex composition. The picture has weak points, and falls away in parts sadly, especially towards the corners. The colour, it may be said, gains brilliance at the expense of concentration; the treatment tends to decoration, and certainly lacks subordination and control to any dominant purpose. Yet Mr. Burchett may be congratulated on the position he has won on the walls of the Academy. Mr. PRINSEP's 'Venetian Lover' (499) is rapturous at all events in colour: the picture has force and brilliance, which tell with good effect. A. HUGHES again delights in melodious strains, fatal, it would seem, to definite form and substance. No one can compete with Mr. Hughes in the painting of a purple: his eye for colour is singularly felicitous. 'La Vita Nuova' (310), by F. TOPHAM, is somewhat decorative for a sacred theme; the picture is flimsy, the draperies are in a flutter; the artist's talents, which are undoubted, need severer training. A. CLAY, in a 'Scene from Kenilworth' (638), is refined, smooth, and careful. C. PERUGINI makes 'A Maiden fair to see' (330) unpleasantly pleasing; in 'Daphne' (344) the artist has succeeded better with the azalea shrub than with the

figure; the painter gains smooth surface in a third work, 'Gold Fish' (432). Altogether C. Perugini makes a creditable appearance. R. S. STANHOPE paints a poetic pastoral which the hangers have "skied," as if they deemed it a signboard to be seen best in the distance. 'The Footsteps of the Flock' (403), by this artist, is a renaissance of classic and romantic times, when shepherdesses indulged in love and poetry while they looked after sheep. The artist's manner has been known as eccentric, and his present work, which reminds us of tapestry, is more singular than pleasing. It may have talent for those who like it. A. W. COOPER exhibits a scene from 'Peveril of the Peak' (20) which merits commendation. Praiseworthy also is 'The Day Dream' (368), by Miss BANKS.

We are glad to greet once again Mr. A. MOORE within the Academy, especially as he may have received but little encouragement to renew his efforts. 'Azaleas' (621), as a matter of course, is not free from eccentricity. Yet must it be admitted that this female form of diaphanous drapery possesses a classic beauty and a dreamy romance not altogether unpleasing. Subtleties in form and colour seem to indicate that the artist cherishes an "ideal," a luxury of the imagination which in these days unfortunately is scarcely deemed permissible. Delicate, faint, and quiescent are the colours; no force of black nor intrusion of positive pigments is permitted to break the spell of dreamy reverie. Two pretentious figures, one of 'Hamlet' (93), the other of 'Ophelia' (151), by RAPISARDI, both of which, if we mistake not, have already made their *début* in Paris, are to be taken as ultra-examples of the romantic and unreal school which still survives in modern Italy. It is not a little strange that an artist in Florence should presume to teach us in London anything new of Hamlet or Ophelia. And as might be expected, all that is new is simply untrue. Among pictures florid and of a forced romance may be named 'Chloe' (250), by ALEXANDER JOHNSTON. It is a pity that an artist of talents so unmistakable should permit himself to wander from ways of truth and soberness.

If asked which picture in the Academy haunts most the memory, we should name 'The Evening Hymn' (329), by G. MASON. This is a creation of genius which abides in the mind as a perpetual joy. It is, indeed, a vesper song at close of day, when rest comes for the weary, and labourers in the vineyard or field, wending their tired steps homeward, raise thankful voices to heaven for the blessings of the day, and await the repose and comfort of the coming night. These peasant girls dwell, perchance, in some English Arcadia, far away from the cares and corruptions of a city. Their hearts are innocent as their faces are lovely. Even the colour is a symphony and a lyric. There is a melodious cadence in this sunset burst of splendour, intense as brightest yellows and reds can render it. The rapture reaches a climax, and then is toned down into the repose of twilight. Blues, cool greens, emeralds, and greys are thrown into the landscape shadows, as balance to the burning sky. Thus is heat mitigated, and the picture brought into exquisite keeping and balance. The veil of twilight grey cast over the figures still further enhances tranquillity; the picture is perfect in tone, in depth and intensity of expression. This result is not attained save by the use of well-nigh every expedient; the colours are loaded and re-loaded,

painted and then re-painted; transparent and semi-transparent pigments, complementary, contrasted, and accordant colours are by turns used to enhance the effect desired. The picture in itself, as well as in the technical methods brought to bear, is somewhat novel to our English school. Mason's work is not without points of resemblance to Breton's pictures; yet we see in this 'Evening Hymn' more of sensitiveness, tenderness, and emotion.

F. WALKER exhibits a master-work, 'Vagrants in the Glen' (477), akin in sentiment, colour, and technical handling to G. Mason's 'Evening Hymn.' Instead, however, of twilight, Mr. Walker paints the brightest day; and in lieu of subdued tone, he breaks into a fierce conflict of colour, not in all parts redeemed from crudity. Still the picture is triumphant in concords, even as if Rubens had laid the palette, or Linnell had handled the brush. The pigments are loaded on liberally, after the custom of power-seeking French painters. And the work has a worth beyond and above what mere technical qualities impart. It is for depth of expression that the composition will be most prized. There is a pathos, a melancholy about these poor outcasts which awakens compassion. Hearts of a brave humanity have these wanderers, though rude in person and ragged of attire. Specially noble is the bearing of the woman with arms folded, and of countenance moodily meditative.

F. SANDYS is represented by nothing more important than two crayon heads. We regret to find that 'Medea,' by this artist—a picture highly wrought and ideal—was crowded out in the hanging. This is one of many acts of injustice which are but too common, and not always, we fear, inevitable. It is obviously the duty of the Academy to show even-handed justice to schools and styles the most diversified.

IV. SUBJECTS MISCELLANEOUS, AND PICTURES OF GENRE.

The multitude of pictures which under the head of "Miscellanies" might claim attention, did space permit, is all but interminable. The variety of the subjects chosen, and the diversity of the treatments adopted, are equally beyond control. Having, then, much to compress within little compass, we will at once proceed to business without further preface. T. FAED, R.A., in an impressive picture, entitled 'Worn Out' (172), adds yet another chapter to his pathetic annals of the poor. An honest carpenter has been tending his little child, stretched on a sick bed, through a restless night. At length the dawn of day finds him "worn out" with watching; alike father and child have sunk in weariness asleep. The story is told with a circumstantial detail which comes home to the heart. The affection of the poor man, the tenderness which lies beneath a rough nature, are touching. Mr. Faed's mode of painting, the harmony of his broken tones, the texture of his surfaces, are in keeping with the class of subject to which he is devoted. His brother, Mr. JOHN FAED, shows steady advance in the same direction. 'The Auld Crockery Man' (598) merits the position it has gained on the line. E. NICOL, A.R.A., notwithstanding the vulgar naturalism of 'The China Merchant' (251), gives signs of reformation. Indeed, 'Waiting at the Cross Roads' (504) reaches, in certain of the figures, even refinement. It would seem as if E. Nicol had been correcting his faults by aspiring to the merits of T. Faed, who still remains leader of the Scotch

school. J. PETTIE, A.R.A., another Scotchman who has wooed fortune in London rather than in Edinburgh, is not up to his accustomed mark. Perhaps the artist is most himself again in a small figure of a jolly old monk, barely sober enough to pronounce 'Pax Vobiscum' (31). Mr. Pettie this year must be content with faint praise; thus the utmost that may be said in favour of 'The Tussle with a Highland Smuggler' (331) is, that if the artist must paint anything so ugly, he could not have succeeded better. Again, 'Weary with Present Cares and Memories Sad' (484) has the charm of dreary desolation; yet we certainly should have preferred a cleaner brush and a sharper touch. But it may be too bad to find fault with a man for a manner he believes perfection. TOURRIER this year is far from his best. R. HILLINGFORD has thrown away many admirable figures on a scattered, purposeless composition. L. POTT, also, has better manipulation than method; 'The Minuet' (321) is overdone with attitude. P. HOYOLL, as in 'The Temptation' (118), perpetually repeats a favourite face, and that not one over-pleasing. R. LEHMANN has been making strenuous and not unpraiseworthy efforts in the elaboration of four works, which have met with less consideration from the hangers than he may have hoped for. His manner labours under the disadvantage of being essentially foreign to our English modes; he paints with the smoothness and opacity which the German school approves highly; his brightest colour is a delicate negation; his nearest approach to individual character some fair ideal which stands at a respectful distance from nature. On the whole, we think, with the hangers, that the 'Portrait of a Little Girl' (493) is Mr. Lehmann's best work; it shows considerable freedom of hand, transparency of colour, and is true to the simplicity of childhood.

It is evident that the immediate future of the Academy is in the hands of comparatively young men. Already to the past belong Mr. C. LANDSEER, R.A., and Mr. R. THORBURN, A.R.A. Cursory note may be made of a pretty little picture by LE JEUNE, A.R.A., 'Tickled with a Straw' (21). Also may be commended a pleasing composition of rustic figures with landscape, 'Bringing Home Fern' (646), by J. ARCHER. Likewise for simple truth, 'A Breton Pastoral' (378), by G. H. BOUGHTON. A little disappointing are the pictures of G. M. BRENNAN and M. G. BRENNAN. The latter, who dates from the notorious Caffè del Greco, Rome, contributes the better picture of the two, 'Painting from the Life' (162); the composition and the entire treatment are artistic. The second painter of the name has an address in Paris, but derives his picture, 'Via della Vita' (671), from Rome. The style evidently has been matured on the continent of Europe. This painting, which bears the mark of study from the life, is in handling firm and solid; yet is the result ineffective, mainly from a monotony which lacks lustre. A. B. HOUGHTON asserts individual position by originality, eccentricity, and vigour. An intractable subject, 'A Chemist in his Laboratory' (209) has, notwithstanding the scattered multitude of its materials, been brought into pictorial unity; a no slight feat assuredly. The crowded state of our columns compels us, however unwillingly, to pass with mere honourable mention the following praiseworthy pictures:—'The Hunting Companion' (145)—a clever figure, with the carriage of a stage swell—by E. A. SCHMIDT; 'Just Caught' (207), by F.

MORGAN, brilliant; and a commendable study (346) by E. RADFORD; also a simple study (367) by Miss A. THORNYCROFT. To the above we subjoin with like praise the following:—'Eventime' (422), by A. STOCKS; 'The Dominic' (424), by T. GRAHAM; 'Playing Innocence' (462), by M. MICHAEL; 'The Wayfarer' (600), by T. R. PARSONS; 'The Lost Path' (268), by R. BUTLER; 'The Fisherman's Family' (617), by W. ASHCROFT; lastly, 'Through the Wood' (670), by L. SMYTHE.

Among young painters of something more than promise, no one has made a more palpable hit than G. A. STOREY in 'The Shy Pupil' (273). Very admirable is the adroit way whereby through a bend or an attitude the three figures are connected in one common action and purpose. The light, shade, and colour have the sharpness and decision which insure brilliancy. J. D. WATSON also does well: 'The Student' (412), who belongs to Boccaccio days, when books were subservient to poetry and love, is absolutely grand for glory of colour. The tapestry background, well kept down, is first-rate for quality of execution. The picture, however, would be improved by more careful drawing and detail in the drapery. 'The Exiled Jacobite' (521), by C. S. LIDDERDALE, is a capital study—conscientious, solid, individual. As much cannot be said for Mrs. ROBINSON's 'First-born' (345); the artist as usual gains show, and seeks colour to the neglect of form. C. ROSSITER's 'Footprints on the Sands of Time' (647) is much ado about nothing. The picture is rich in colour and realistic, yet after all, when the work is carried to completeness, what is its purpose? Mr. Rossiter is a good manipulator. 'A Fleet Wedding' (269), by E. CRAWFORD, challenges attention to each character in turn; it has so much point that it lacks repose. The picture is scattered and needs bringing together in composition, shade, and colour. Yet, whatever its defects, it is unmistakably clever. Mr. KILBURN's 'Parrot' (115) is a thorough and capital piece of painting; the picture within its limits has scarcely a fault. As much can scarcely be said for 'The Christening Day of an Infant Heir' (625), by P. R. MORRIS. It is almost painful to see how conscientious has been the artist's desire to do all that may be expected of him on an occasion so momentous as this christening. Perhaps original power or individual character might be out of place in a scene studiously conventional. Mr. BARWELL is yet another painter so conscientious and painstaking, that the only regret must be that he has to wait long for his reward. 'Not a Whit too soon' (633) the hangers have placed above the line, in that "north room" which generally is the place reserved for cold receptions.

Directly, Dutch genre is at a discount. Yet neat, highly-wrought cabinet pictures there are which present tempting field to the microscope. Some of the best small interiors are, as in former years, the contributions of F. D. HARDY. Also may be commended by H. GARLAND, 'The Silver Spoon and the Wooden Ladle' (435). EDOUARD FRERE makes entry on our Academy by a work somewhat below his accustomed merit, 'La Sortie de l'Ecole des Filles' (490). The picture scarcely reaches to that simplicity and pathos which is unapproached by the English school.

J. B. BURGESS has seldom shown himself more brilliant than when he recounts 'What the Gipsies have Stolen' (391). Yet is the colour garish, as if the painter deemed it needful to turn out the whole contents of his colour-box upon a canvas dedicated to

Spain. It may be objected, also, that while the composition is overcrowded in some passages, it becomes too scanty in others. Still the artist shows spirit, character, and colour, which scarcely suffer in the remembrance of 'Bravo, Toro.' Of E. LONG, as seen in 'Gipsy Schools going to Vespers' (409), it may be said that the painter's defects are consequent upon his merits. The artist's ready facility may deceive him into the belief that study and work can be dispensed with. This picture proclaims the power to cover a large canvas at smallest cost of time and thought. Yet may the artist still attain little short of the highest position if he will but submit to drudgery. MARCUS STONE once more makes brilliant dash upon canvas in 'An Interrupted Duel' (639). The composition needed utmost skill to save it from being dismembered into two subjects. No artist knows better how to keep a picture right; no painter is more ready in expedient. Altogether this 'Interrupted Duel' makes a telling picture; the subject is treated with appropriate freedom, the figures have action and character, and the colour, if not rich, is pleasing and effective. J. GOW raises sanguine expectations by a careful, refined picture, 'Fast Asleep' (553); 'Daffodils' (531), by T. ARMSTRONG, though eccentric, is a work of thought and feeling. 'Red Roses' is the name which Miss FREER gives to a composition of some elegance and much affectation. The picture has merit, therefore all the greater pity that the figure should be lost to human form in frivolity of drapery.

E. J. FOYNTER'S 'Catapult' (402) makes less noise than the 'Israel in Egypt' of last year. This awkward machine assaults the eye unpleasantly. Still we incline to think the work is in Art power and knowledge an advance on the painter's previous performances. There is a just sense of composing lines in the radiating arms, legs, and *torsi* which focus the picture at its central point. Much also to be commended is the drawing of the figures and the articulation of muscles under violent stress. Altogether, notwithstanding something repellent and defiant, the work has few equals in its special way.

H. S. MARKS occupies an independent, but withal a peculiar position, to which his present picture will add strength. 'Experimental Gunnery in the Middle Ages' (494) makes a palpable hit in these days of experimental artillery. The satire is keen and quiet. The artist's mode of painting is solid, downright, and direct; his brush gives expression to his thought without circumlocution or vain show. It is seldom that the painter permits his lights to break into sunshine, or his colours to struggle into positive blue, yellow, or red. This racy yet reticent art, awful in its solemnity of mirth, we trust the Academy may find it politic to cultivate. The humdrum which now takes the place of the high and historic styles of former years may find timely relief from pictures pungent in wit. G. D. LESLIE, A.R.A., has broken the not unpleasant monotony of his recent productions by a new idea, 'The Empty Sleeve' (657). The artist uses his materials after his accustomed manner; the colour, as a matter of course, is refined and delicate; points of black are used as foils, and a silvery haze adds to the finished work an agreeable softness. Specially artistic is the figure entitled 'Home News' (236); the graceful pose is worthy of Hamon; the silver-greys and tender tertiary harmonies are delicious. J. E. HODGSON has struck out a subject quite *à propos* to the period. The recent rage for Chinese and Japanese

Art finds response in this picture of 'Chinese Ladies' (453). Here we are, in the midst of the Celestial Empire, thrown into the presence of its strange inhabitants. The artist has done justice to his subject. The countenances of our comic friends at the antipodes are struck off with a character which just escapes caricature; and the pleasing perplexities presented by blues, purples, reds, yellows, and blacks, as used by these eccentric Orientals, have been solved to the satisfaction of European vision. The picture, as a chromatic problem, is worked out with intelligence. On the whole, the artist has made an advance on his previous position.

V. PORTRAITS.

The usual outcry has been raised against the portraits. They do not strike us, however, as worse than formerly. The Academy has been from its origin downwards pre-eminently a school of portrait-painting, and now once more it boasts of a portrait painter for its President. Yet in this plethora of portraits Sir FRANCIS GRANT stands chief culprit, in having perpetrated a picture so crude, chalky, and confused as that of 'The Duke of Cambridge at Alma' (64). The President, fortunately, will redeem his reputation with the ladies by works refined in style and ladylike in bearing, such as 'The Countess of Wilton' (355) and 'Miss Grant' (67). H. WEIGALL shares the graces and infirmities of the President; 'The Countess of Westmoreland and her Daughter' (109) are somewhat flimsy in style, and the colour verges upon washed-out delicacy. Yet Mr. Weigall in 'The Rival Babies' (578) proves skill in composition. R. BUCKNER continues to display samples of the milliner's art, unsurpassed even in Bond Street; the portrait of 'Mrs. Cooper' (139) is perfect of its kind. Also L. W. DESANGES aspires to pre-eminence in the painting of ladies' dresses, especially when light in tone and fluffy in texture; his flesh tints, too, have softness and delicacy; the essentially drawing-room picture of 'Mrs. Gordon' (375) is highly effective. But these painters one and all want firmness in form and simplicity in style. Each in his art is what in society is known by the term a "lady's man."

Other painters, on the contrary, are, by strength and solidity of manner, fitted to the portraiture of masculine features. Heads painted by J. P. KNIGHT, R.A., are strong in manly character; 'The Portrait of a Gentleman' (659) is further commended by quiet bearing and outlook of intelligence. D. MACNEE, too, has a solid, firm way of putting a figure upon canvas, as witness the portrait of 'Viscount Melville' (11). L. DICKINSON'S full-length of 'The Prince of Wales' (271) is somewhat poor in colour, and in the background especially heavy; 'George Peabody, Esq.' (283), by the same painter, has better quality. Sir C. LINDSAY makes a creditable picture of 'Earl Somers' (248); he has never, to our knowledge, produced a work so well up to professional standards. We regret that it is not easy to extend like commendatory criticism to the portraits contributed by the Hon. H. GRAVES. V. C. PRINSEP'S best picture is 'A Portrait' (327); the work has, by its power, somewhat in common with the equestrian portraits of Velasquez.

J. SANT, A.R.A., at last understands that a little more sobriety would not lessen his charms; this year we fancy his pictures are not quite so florid in colour, so sudden and startling in contrast and surprise of light as formerly. At any rate, it is im-

possible to gainsay the fact that few fancy portraits have more charm in play of childhood, more of taste and tact in the management of composition, more brilliancy in touch or in colour, than the picture of 'The Countess of Scarborough' (383). Mr. Sant seems the Lawrence of the day—a comparison which implies praise and blame alike. On the other hand, R. SWINTON would appear to have been smitten with the styles of Gainsborough and Reynolds when he took pencil in hand to paint 'Lady Dufferin' (296). Mr. Swinton is seen to advantage this season. E. EDDIS makes, after his accustomed style, a winning child's picture of 'The Daughter of Lord and Lady Clinton' (332). Mrs. BRIDELL has painted with force and simplicity the head of 'Madame Bodichon' (573). A portrait of 'Miss Alice Judd' is a work of much ability, by Miss L. B. SWIFT, an artist who has already made her merits known.

H. T. WELLS, A.R.A., again displays the qualities which first won him position—individuality in character, ready freedom in composition, happy concord in colour, and abounding daylight. 'The Earl and Countess Spencer at Wimbledon' (274) is a sequel which naturally follows the success of 'Volunteers at a Firing-point,' a picture which gained the artist his Associateship. Both works are alike admirable for atmosphere and daylight, for harmony of moderated colour, for freedom in pose of the figures, and for fidelity to the sitters' faces. No less happy, though in a different sphere, is the portrait of 'James Stansfield, Esq., of Halifax' (303). This head, of strongly-marked individuality, is beaming with benevolence and animated with intelligence. Halifax may count herself fortunate in the possession of this admirable portrait of an honoured philanthropist. We have noted for commendation 'Miss Eveline Anstruther on her Pony' (472), by C. LUYTENS; also a capital portrait by R. HEIDMAN of 'Miss Etha Wentworth at the Age of Three Years' (318). Likewise we observe with pleasure that G. D. LESLIE and W. Q. ORCHARDSON bring into the dry routine of portrait-painting a freedom and variety caught from fancy. 'Mrs. Charles Dickens, jun.' (322), by the former, and 'Mrs. Birket Foster' (223), by the latter, are novel in treatment as they are pleasing in effect. It may be noted in passing, that G. F. WATTS, R.A., throws his accustomed power and colour into the head of 'A. Panizzi, Esq.' (685). We reserve for a closing sentence the portraits of G. RICHMOND, R.A., who this year surpasses even himself. There may perhaps be a little sameness in the artist's mode of dealing with a head, in his method of making intelligence beam over the countenance, and colour and light glance from the canvas. The painter's method obtains culmination in the portrait of 'The Bishop of Oxford' (59), which, as a diploma work, will record in the Academy the consummated style by which Mr. Richmond may wish to be remembered by posterity. The well-known head of Bishop Wilberforce never looked more persuasive in mellifluous speech. Mr. Richmond has the happy knack of seizing a character in its best moments.

VI. LANDSCAPES, SEA-PIECES, AND ANIMAL PAINTINGS.

The Academy having made itself all but exclusively a "Figure Exhibition," can no longer claim to be the representative of the landscape Art of the country. Yet that Art is avowedly a chief characteristic of our English School; therefore, if our readers will permit a hackneyed simile, the Academy, in taking its annual benefit on

Hamlet, enacts the play without the hero. It is to be hoped that the Academy, when in command of a larger stage, will afford wider field to the genius of landscape. It has been urged that landscapes do not tell well in immediate proximity to figures. If this be true, it might be considered whether, in the new building, a gallery could not be spared for the exclusive benefit of landscape. One room would not seem to be an over-liberal provision for nature.

The Academy being notoriously divorced from landscape, to speak of the phases of our school as there manifested, were to pronounce judgment on a partial hearing. Yet some few facts are sufficiently clear. It is evident, for instance, that the so-called "pre-Raphaelite school" is at length at a discount. This repulsive, yet childish eccentricity, at first scouted, and then courted by the Academy, seems, as Thomas Carlyle might say, to have resolved itself into confusion and chaos. The darkness of a cellar or the oblivion of a garret is the destiny of such disciples of the school as still persist in fidelity to their original faith. And so the Academy, for the moment, stands sorely in need of some fresh sensation: a deluge, a conflagration, or a renewed opening of "the Sixth Seal" might come as a godsend. It is evident that Academicians show for the simple ways of nature something like an innate repulsion; and so it unfortunately happens that the panorama of the earth and the drama of the sky are exiled from Trafalgar Square, and Nature is scarcely permitted to show her face save in raiment purely Academic—chalky, slaty, opaque, and lack-lustrous—as she issues from the easel of FREDERICK RICHARD LEE, R.A.

T. CRESWICK, R.A., it may be feared, is present for the last time. His two contributions, 'An Old Welsh Shed' (71) and 'A Bend in the River' (210), have the repose, the simplicity, and the moderation for which his Art has long been prized. We mark in the first of these works that careful tree-drawing in leaf and stem which is a true sign of the watchful student of nature. RICHARD REDGRAVE, R.A., has not for an age painted so good a picture (226) as 'Eugene Aram,' and his victim in "a lonesome wood," half-hid "with heaps of leaves;" the canvas shows care, detail, even sparkle of light. Here may be mentioned a prettily-handled and sunny little landscape, 'Spring at Burnham Beeches' (23), by W. LUKER. Not far distant flows a stream 'Under the Willows' (47), a study, by W. FIELD, worthy of commendation. Also, as careful, conscientious studies, the following works may receive honourable mention:—'A Moorland Stream' (246), by T. J. BANKS; 'A Peep from the Woods in Eden Vale,' by W. S. ROSE; and 'The Bridge' (548), by C. L. COPPARD. These artists are content to paint what they see; and hence their pictures have the value of unperverted truth. We are always glad to recognise within the Academy the works of G. F. TENISWOOD; this year he paints scenes by moonlight; they are specially meritorious, true to nature and to Art.

J. LINNELL, sen., has seldom been in greater splendour and power than in that truly English landscape aptly named 'English Woodlands' (17). The colour is golden; the whole treatment grand and large, such as we are accustomed to expect from the old masters rather than from degenerate moderns. VICAT COLE, this year, has caught at least the outer fringe of the radiant mantle worn by venerable Linnell. 'Sunlight lingering on Autumn Woods' (298) has true Linnell glory upon

the hill, and a more than Linnell coolness in the quiet shade of twilight which creeps across the foreground. W. LINNELL and J. T. LINNELL, sons of the greatest landscape colourist in our school, are content to tread in a father's steps; yet 'Ploughing' (546), by J. T. Linnell, merits no great praise. W. Linnell, however, makes some amends for any falling away by a scene of considerable grandeur, 'The Heights of the Abruzzi' (555). The mountain range here swept within compass of a canvas is not a little imposing. HARRY JOHNSON has in part corrected faults, while he retains his merits, in a grand scene, solemnly rendered, 'Corinth,' with her Temple Columns (601). The artist is less showy and more solid than heretofore; he gains by consenting to be less garish; moderation, in fact, proves enhancement of power. FRANK DILLON again presents us with a poetic reminiscence from the Nile: 'Pharaoh's Bed' (602) glows in sunset splendour: there are few artists so true, and yet so intense. We notice a pretty, purple, and showy little picture, 'The Evening Hour' (65), by J. V. DE FLEURY. Also landscapes of usual refinement by G. E. HERING: 'The Head of the Glen' (180), indeed, shows a strength and a resolution for which the public may not have given this artist credit. A somewhat analogous work, 'Loch Eil' (77), by C. E. JOHNSON, is signal for power of darkness and deep solemnity of colour. NIEMANN has been hung high, on the principle, we presume, that his pictures have a violence best mitigated by distance. PETER GRAHAM, as a sequel to his successes, suffers a reverse; one only of his contributions is hung, and that above the line. 'Bowman's Mass, Balmoral Forest' (214), painted by command of Her Majesty, is a careful, good work, yet scarcely of a calibre to take command over the school of the future.

W. B. LEADER paints two landscapes which, in any gallery in Europe save that of the London Academy, would have obtained honourable position. The talent and the style of the artist are fortunately known, otherwise scarcely his intention, and certainly not the means by which he seeks to attain his effects, could be deciphered or appreciated. H. W. B. DAVIS is still rather dotty, and in manner small; yet his best picture, 'Lost and Found' (630), shows capital handling; and, as a matter of course, is a close study from nature. R. COLLINSON's 'Close of Day' (426) is impressive in effect of broad, deep shadow. G. EATON paints a capital picture, 'The Confluence,' &c. (286), which shares the best qualities of the old Dutch landscapes. Another excellent work, 'On the Banks of the Scheldt' (193), by H. L. HUBARD, has a power, breadth, and effect which recall the manner of the modern Belgian school. C. N. HEMY is also foreign rather than English: 'Tête de Flandres' (44) has merit in common with Mr. WHISTLER, an artist who this year does not present himself before the Academy. 'Among the Birches' (307), by F. P. GRAVES, is a landscape of daylight, atmosphere, and delicacy in detail. 'Cedars' (313), by A. MAC CALLUM, are highly commendable as a close study of noble trees. 'The Dead Woodman' (629), by A. GOODWIN, is deeply impressive in dreary monotone both of sentiment and colour. A small landscape (120), by A. F. GRACE, suggested by Gray's "Elegy," breathes repose, yet breaks into rapture. Also we gladly give a word of welcome to a study vigorous in touch and poetic in thought,

'Evening on the Thames' (455), by F. T. GOODALL, son of the Academician, to whom was awarded the Academy medal.

Ocean mourns the loss of Stanfield; yet Neptune still befriends our artists. Pictures of coast and sea are contributed by Cooke, R.A., Hook, R.A., Brett, Gill, Hargitt, Moore, and Dawson. The well-known manners of the two first-named Academicians show little change; yet, perhaps, Hook is scarcely at his best. J. BRETT follows up his success of last season by a storm still more terrible, which he seems to have witnessed two years ago on 'Christmas Morning' (624). We are told that "the sky, which noticed all, makes no disclosure;" yet surely this sky in its grandeur and its glory is eloquent. The painter has a poet's eye, and his pictures prove the dauntless student and pioneer intent to discover new truths, and to realise unaccustomed phenomena. E. GILL, with praiseworthy perseverance, paints 'Storm and Shipwreck' (199); he gains grandeur, but barely escapes extravagance; his picture is careful, his colour poor. E. HARGITT, at 'Shetland' (78), painted a coast-scene which has showy, conventional merit. At this place may find not unfavourable mention 'Greenwich Hospital' (486), by H. DAWSON. This is one of those canvases which, possessing more force and brilliance than delicacy, the hangers seek out as signboards to decorate the top of a doorway. H. MOORE has found of the hangers favour down at the floor. Yet this painter fares well; few artists, in fact, have gained more reputation out of the Exhibition. Grand, assuredly, as a study of tumultuous sea, of waves storm-driven tumbling in breakers on the shore, is Mr. MOORE's 'Gale Moderating' (452). The greys are delicious in harmony; the touch suggests motion and meaning.

"The Brute Creation" is endowed with more or less intelligence by Landseer, Cooper, and Ansdell—artists whose styles are too well known to need designation. LANDSEER'S 'Rent-day in the Wilderness' (123), however, must be signalled because big and mannered to excess; the faults of the master's third and last style are here brought to a consummation. On the other hand, we rejoice to recognise a return to the artist's prior style in a poetic and pathetic picture (347) of Dog and Stag cast in dreary waste of snow. Sir Edwin Landseer here once more is triumphant in composition, in modulation of light and shade, and in a texture of hair and coat, which for softness cannot be surpassed. T. S. COOPER, R.A., if still slaty and cold, has always literal truth on his side. Again he paints, in 'Kent' (259), meadows and streams, cattle and pollard-trees, with an unemotional fidelity which scarcely the Dutch have exceeded. R. ANSDELL, A.R.A., perhaps the hardest worker of the Academy, produces five pictures, powerful and effective, after his pronounced manner. C. LUTYENS, an artist already commended under "Portraits," also exhibits 'Landscape and Cattle' (674), a capital picture, which shows to advantage in contact with foreign schools. We have marked 'A Quiet Afternoon' (196), by J. W. BOTTOMLEY, as the best farm-yard picture in the Exhibition.

VII. SCULPTURE.

We must await the completion of the new Academy building for any revival in sculpture. The present cellar offers the reverse of an apotheosis to genius. Nevertheless, sculptors of repute have consented to contribute to an Exhibition which contains not a few works worthy of respectful consideration. The President has taken

public occasion on behalf of himself and other members of the Academy to pay tribute to the talent displayed by the PRINCESS LOUISE in the bust of 'Prince Arthur' (931). It is a work of merit and much good promise: it is gratifying to find the young princess among the artists. We may here observe that 'The National Memorial to the Prince Consort' has given to our sculptors the enlarged sphere they have long lacked. And we could have wished that the groups and bas-reliefs designed for this grand monument had found their way to the Academy. Two noble colossal figures, however, are now exhibited, 'Astronomy' (984), by H. H. ARMISTEAD, and 'Geology' by J. B. PHILIP; the former, we are told, was "cast in bronze under the sculptor's supervision by Messrs. Elkington." Both figures seem expressly suited to a monumental destiny; the style is broad and decisive, the details are sharp to catch the light, the masses are disposed expressly to cast broad shadow.

Professor Jerichau, known throughout Europe as the living representative of the school of Thorwaldsen, favours our Academy with a master-work, which in these days of naturalism and romance stands out almost as a solecism. 'The Leopard Hunter' (939), by JERICHAU, is of cognate school with 'The Hunter,' a *chef-d'œuvre* of Gibson; such correspondence is scarcely remarkable, seeing that Jerichau and Gibson were alike pupils of Thorwaldsen. 'The Leopard Hunter' is masterly in modelling: the muscles are pronounced with sharpness, detail, and decision; purpose and intent govern the entire figure. The style, it will readily be understood, is directly based upon the antique. Scarcely another work, whether for better or for worse, shows like reversion to the classic. 'The Dawn' (987), by H. S. LEIFCHILD, indeed, is not without a distant reminiscence of great historic schools. Mr. Leifchild's figure is grand after that imposing mannerism which becomes a devoted disciple of Michael Angelo. Mr. THURUP's 'Bronze Door' (1,017) may provoke comparison with Ghiberti's 'Gates' in Florence; yet is this modern work respectable.

Public statues for our provincial towns, executed under subscription, have long presented a miserable spectacle. We have, however, seen worse works in this way than the marble statues of 'Sir Rowland Hill' (978), by P. HOLLINS, and of 'Viscount Palmerston,' by T. SHARP. These figures are fairly good; yet would they have been better for more dignity in manner, more style in treatment; they will be valued by contemporaries as memorials, scarcely by posterity as works of Art.

The school of romantic and poetic sculpture does not boast of many illustrious creations. Perhaps the best group after this kind is by J. DURHAM, A.R.A., 'Paul and Virginia' (935). The two figures are gracefully thrown together, the cast of the drapery is careful, and the handling of much delicacy. Few productions of our school surpass it in touching sentiment. A marble statue of a boy 'Ready for the Bath' (936), and a group of four children (946), evidence the skill of the sculptor in dealing with a special branch of his Art, in which he is unsurpassed. C. FULLER's 'Nydia' (931)—almost the only figure with suspicion of tinting—may be pleasing, but is not free from affectation; the modelling wants sharpness and individual character. J. BELL will scarcely revive by 'The Octo-room' (932) the sympathy once thrown away on 'The Greek Slave.' The form may have

a certain beauty, but at all events the execution is hard; the marble does not soften into flesh. J. S. WESTMACOTT's 'Priestess of Juno' (947) is not without grace and a "style" caught from the classic. J. LAW-LOR's 'Titania' (963) is not new in attitude or idea; we have seen this kind of thing more than once before. T. WOOLNER seems to have striven for originality in 'Elaine' (918); and verily our would-be poetic sculpture needs inspiration anew. 'Elaine' has character, and seems to eschew the generalised beauty worn out in modern schools of romance.

Works presenting naturalistic phases always abound, but the merits of such figures are, perhaps, this year less manifest than usual. 'Blackberry Picking—the Thorn' (960), by E. B. STEPHENS, A.R.A., is picturesque; the incident is trivial for sculpture. E. LANDSHEER has become less naturalistic than formerly; his present work, 'The Close of Day' (962), has less merit than 'The First Pocket.' 'Hush!' (986), by VANDER BOSCH, in detail gains pictorial prettiness; the execution proves pains. 'An Infant Child' (953), by M. NOBLE, though a portrait, is treated as a picture in marble; the carving shows care; the accessories are used as decorative details; yet purpose has been striven after in the attitude and expression of the child's hands. ALEXANDER MONRO again deals with marble as a painter might treat a vignette. 'The Sisters' (943)—portraits—are grouped as birds in a nest; leaves and flowers encircle the figures. The disposition is tasteful and the execution pretty; playful, pictorial, and pleasing is this fancy portraiture.

For busts in marble, as for portraits in oil, few countries have a better market than England. And for portrait busts we incline to think our artists are at least equal to sculptors abroad. For a fancy figure it may be well to go to Italy; but for a truthful bust it is wise to remain in England. T. WOOLNER, a pre-Raphaelite by predilection, has always rivalled the photographers for detail. At the first we were far from converted to his manner; his merits were even in excess. It is fortunate, however, for Mr. Woolner that some of the greatest men of the time have submitted to his modelling; and we are bound to say that the sitters were scarcely less fortunate than the artist. 'Thomas Carlyle' (1,007), now exhibited, is a grand study; the whole character of the man—dogmatic and chaotic—is written legibly in marble. That it is difficult for an artist to reach to the greatness of genius without an exaggeration which verges upon caricature, may be judged from the bust in bronze of 'Lord Brougham' (1,081), by J. ADAMS. Another head certainly overdrawn is that of 'T. Stothard, R.A.' (970), by H. WEEKES, R.A. Surely this is not the head of mortal man, but rather of some river god with shaggy mane.

We have not space to criticise according to its deserts a painter's bold attempt at sculpture—'Clytie' (1,053), by G. F. WATTS, R.A. In place of the repose usual in Greek marble, the artist, with intention, throws every muscle and nerve into violent action. There is not on the surface even a tenth part of an inch that is not palpitating under vehement emotion. The artist has himself carried out his conception into marble, instead of trusting to a journeyman carver!

We thus bid farewell to Trafalgar Square, to meet the Royal Academy in 1868, in "the new building," where artists may receive more ample justice from largely augmented space.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

SIXTY-FOURTH EXHIBITION.

THIS is far from the best Exhibition we have known. The works are not only below the average in number and in merit, but several members who have been accustomed to add to the gallery interest and value, such as F. W. Burton and Burne Jones, are altogether absent. Furthermore C. P. Boyce has been prevented by illness from sending aught but a small head, while E. Lundgren, who is now busily gathering materials in Spain, of which we may be sure he will make effective use hereafter, is at present unprepared with anything more momentous than three small drawings, which find appropriate place on the screens.

JOHN GILBERT this year fortunately relies less than of late upon his old stock in trade. It is evident that he has had at least three good thoughts within the last twelvemonth, and that is more than can be said for artists in general. Take, as an example, 'The Witch's Ride' on a broomstick, a work worthy of Rembrandt. Weird is the witch; stormy the twilight sky, rent with lightning flash. Again, amazingly clever and suggestive is that 'Ride of Sir William of Deloraine,' taken from 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel.'—

"At the first plunge the horse sunk low,
And the water broke o'er the saddle bow;
Above the foaming tide, I ween,
Scarce half the charger's neck was seen."

John Gilbert seldom fails of giving to his themes imaginative scope and significance. His darkling shadows have for the mind a meaning: a storm in the elements reaches, in his compositions, the vehemence of a human drama. He has uniform grandeur in landscape. Witness 'Kit's Coty House in Kent.' Indeed, the painter might well take rank among the goodly array of great artists in past times, such as Nicolas Poussin, Velasquez, Rubens, who have thrown over landscape a largeness, power, and weight of meaning which could scarcely be attained save in the study of the figure and in the practice of historic Art. Gilbert's small landscape has somewhat in common with Doré's bold nature studies. In fact, the two artists have not a few points of approach.

F. W. TOPHAM is at his best; indeed his pictures show an advance upon anything he has hitherto done. He renews his studies in Spain, and shows an accession of vigour, character, and realistic completeness. It may be that the mantle of poor Phillip, which has been scrambled for by many, Topham has now got and will henceforth wear. 'A Spanish Song' is possibly a little too smooth to sustain this presumption; still some care has evidently been bestowed upon textures and tissues.

Watson, Lamont, and Smallfield, three associates who will not be long in winning full membership, severally do themselves credit. 'The Tailor's News' is a composition which shows Mr. WATSON's habitual skill and command. He never fails in power to carry out his purpose, though it may be confessed that his intention is seldom high. LAMONT is still far from being wholly satisfactory, yet we incline to think 'The Return from Fairy Land' his best work. The artist is gaining wider range of character and greater variety in colour. Still there is an unmistakable monotony and mannerism in these drawings, and one defect they have which ought to claim the artist's anxious consideration. It is evident that composition as an art or a science Mr. Lamont has never rightly understood. Thus 'The Fight Postponed' is no picture, but only a fragment; the composition can never be brought together, for obviously it falls hopelessly to pieces. Mr. SMALLFIELD exhibits six drawings, some of which show an advance since his late decadence. 'Lilies of Florence' is a work large and elaborate. Here is individual nature and character, and yet a striving for something which may be accepted as an ideal. A touch of melancholy is added to enhance the interest. The face may be supposed to strive

for a high meaning. Altogether the work is more than commonly artistic. 'The Bridesmaids,' as rendered by Mr. Smallfield, also present an eminently artistic aspect. There is in the whole drawing a style much above commonplace. The management of the background is specially skilful. As regards technicality and material, the process adopted of painting in *tempera* on canvas—an experiment not without precedent within the last few months—deserves of all Art-students minute observation. These new processes, or rather revivals of methods which are old, receive just at this moment, as we have had occasion already to observe, the tentative experiments of one or two leading members in the profession. In these days when much is said of the relations between the Arts and scientific appliances and materials, it is well to observe closely what can now be gained by the use of opaque pigments on surfaces rough in texture as the wall of a convent built in Italy in the fifteenth century. Mr. Smallfield has simply applied to the surface of canvas an opaque pigment combined with a vehicle which conjointly would have been designated in Italy four centuries ago as nothing more or less than *tempera*, a process peculiar to the period. The result is possibly at least equal to any that could have been gained by the old processes which have for years grown prescriptive in this 'Old Society.'

From E. K. JOHNSON better things might have been hoped; his drawings show a sad falling off. 'Stage—Wait, Sir!' is absolutely coarse. FRED. F. SHIELDS has also gone woefully astray. 'Rahab awaiting the coming of Joshua' is a thorough mistake. Why should Rahab be so absolutely unlovely? The drawing of the face is untrue; the features are out of line; the colour is the reverse of pure and transparent. Yet has Mr. Shields a vocation if he will but stick to it. His power of pathos, the sympathy he evinces for suffering in the poor and the outcast, are much beyond the mere routine of professional expedients for working up expression. WALTER GOODALL still continues weakly; it is a great pity he cannot conjoin strength with refinement. 'Ave Maria' is namby-pamby. 'Hush' has a little more naturalism than usual. We have seldom seen Miss MARGARET GILLIES to such advantage. She is generally studious of harmony of line in her draperies, and of nobility of type in the delineation of her characters. BIRKET FOSTER has of late been giving greater prominence to figures, as seen in two compositions charming as ever, 'The Convalescent' and 'Snowdrops.' The figures are placed in the midst of landscape and cottage-door surroundings with the knowledge, tact, and taste for which the painter has been long proverbial. Perhaps for this happy combination 'The Convalescent' is unsurpassed. Among the wonders of the gallery are the five drawings contributed by F. WALKER. The artist may have been seen, though scarcely to his advantage, on a larger scale. In the present year his strength is once more manifest in concentration and compactness. Few artists can fit together the component parts of a picture more neatly, or express to the purpose so many thoughts within small compass. Brevity, even in a picture, is the soul of wit; concentration and compactness, the secret of power. How well Mr. Walker can put together a pictorial narrative may be once more seen in two 'designs for book illustrations.' 'Well Sinkers' is also a skilled composition, which tells its story at a glance; the artist has an original way of looking at a subject. The background is so treated as to be at once subservient and complete; opaque colour is so used as to gain transparency, atmosphere, and daylight. There is another composition by Mr. Walker which, from the first opening of the Exhibition, excited no ordinary interest, first, by the exquisite drawing of a couple of small figures, minute, sharp, and detailed as miniatures; and second, by a tree, which though full of white blossoms, is kept down in its due pictorial place. A novelty, however small, comes in this gallery as a God-send.

The sea-pieces include, of course, one or two shipwrecks. G. H. ANDREWS has painted an awful affair, but it is cause for thankfulness

that 'Ship and Crew are saved.' DUNCAN'S 'Coming Ashore' may be commended, certainly not, however, his 'Landing of Fish.' We have seldom encountered anything more unpleasant. Perhaps the only grand and truthful coast-painting is POWELL'S 'Mull of Cantire,' a thoroughly noble study of sea, cliff, and sky. The coast stands as a firm bulwark against the storm. The sea, moreover, does not dash with the wild fury which some artists affect who find it convenient to merge form into clouds of foam. On the contrary, we have seldom seen waves drawn with more care, whether in the valley sweep below, or in the topmost summit breaking on the crest. There is a fine vision in the sky—a breaking of clouds for fair weather after a tempest.

READ'S 'Interior of St. Stephen's, Vienna,' a cathedral more than once impressively painted by David Roberts, can scarcely escape grandeur even by coarseness. We know this interior; its noble architecture never appeared to our eyes thus gaudy and garish. JAMES HOLLAND, in 'The Piazza Signori, Verona,' again glories in the mannerism of genius. He is more like other people, or rather he is more after the manner of Turner, when he reaches 'The Gesuiti, Venice.' This drawing is in a light, brilliant key.

The landscapes, with but few exceptions, are not remarkable. DAVIDSON and DODGSON are after their accustomed excellence; G. FRIPP is once more placid, liquid, transparent; GASTINEAU exhibits sixteen drawings, none of which have left any impression on the memory; HAAG is at home again in the desert,—the camel we claim as an old acquaintance; PALMER once more sets nature in a blaze; JACKSON maintains unobtrusive pleasing tranquillity; NAETEL scatters detail as the wind might scatter leaves or chaff; BRANWHITE is impressive in browns; RICHARDSON'S fifteen drawings are all done to order after a much approved pattern; COLLINGWOOD SMITH would need a chapter all to himself; but to be brief it may at once be said that his twenty drawings have cost less thought than a careful artist would expend on a single study. BASIL BRADLEY is scarcely improving: 'Oxen Harrowing' is in composition uncouth, and in execution rough and ragged. BRITTAN WILLIS stands where he was; his cattle are unchanged in colour. It were unfair to pass summarily some few remaining works; but our space being small, our remarks must be brief. Mr. NEWTON never grasped a subject more thoroughly in its grandeur and extent than here in a wondrous drawing of mountains in Inverness. He has evidently gained in knowledge and range of thought; he here tells us what he has learnt of nature's changeable moods, her extent and infinite variety. The eye is carried along a vista of hill and dale, among glancing lights and playing shadows till it reaches the bold outline of mountain-land some ten miles distant. Mr. Newton has gained more strength and realism in his foreground than heretofore. T. DANBY gives nothing very fresh; but we can never tire of an old thing over again, when beaten paths lie in the way of poetry and beauty. 'A Happy Land' is indeed serene and lovely; there is something of Raphaellesque grace in the light, elegant birch-trees. Glennie and Alfred Hunt may also be depended upon for supplies of a superfine poetic element: they intone colour rapturously, they weave rainbow hues with delicate tissues of fancy. 'Summer Afternoon at Sheatley,' by A. HUNT, is a vision of nature, watched tenderly through a haze. We must not forget to say that Mr. WHITTAKER shows himself more studious of form—a quality which his drawings have stood in need of. Neither must we omit to make our bow to the President, Mr. F. TAYLER, in recognition of a new idea; his flight of 'Wild Fowl' makes in the gallery a lively commotion, otherwise the Exhibition might have fallen a little flat and stale! We cannot think that this Old Society was wise in declining on a recent occasion to make fresh additions to its numbers. New blood is renewed life. Even a continuance in well-doing may become wearisome. The public shows impatience of a Society which appears less solicitous for Art than for the interests of its members.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THIRTY-FOURTH EXHIBITION.

"THE INSTITUTE," formerly "the New Water Colour," has of late added strength to its position, not only by the addition of young vigorous blood, but by the creation of a new order of Honorary Membership, filled by leading artists both British and foreign. A year ago Rosa Bonheur, Henriette Browne, and Louis Gallait had thus given in their adhesion to the Institute, and now we learn that the list of Honorary Members receives further accession in the names of J. E. Millais, R.A., D. MacLise, R.A., J. R. Herbert, R.A., Frederick Goodall, R.A., and M. Madou, the well-known Belgian artist. Thus, in all, eight first-rate painters are added to the active or reserved forces of the gallery, four of whom have actually made their presence felt in this Exhibition. We augur well for the future of the Institute from this timely step in the right direction. The exclusiveness of the two Pall Mall Societies necessitated the establishing of a third association—the Dudley Gallery in Piccadilly. The Institute, if it play a wise game, may make allies of leading and independent artists, including, as we have seen, Academicians. The innovation, it must be confessed, has been tried only just in time to save the fortunes of a waning society. Age has for some years told upon the powers of many of the older members of this once-new society, and even to the present moment drawings have a prescriptive right of exhibition in the gallery which would be refused entrance elsewhere. Such indifferent productions, which have long unfortunately abounded within these walls, sink the credit of the Institute, and bring obloquy upon better works. Certainly, however, the election of young associates has been of late happy. Among the additions recently made may be enumerated Harry Johnson, James Linton, H. B. Roberts, V. W. Bromley, A. C. Gow, J. T. Hixon, and J. Mahoney. Thus new leaven has been thrown into the old lump, and hence it happens through the conjoint contributions of the Honorary Members and of these young Associates that there are brought to the walls a freshness, novelty, and enterprise which, as we have seen, are found lacking to the Old Society at the top of the Mall.

Having accorded this praise, it now becomes our painful duty to speak in strong reprobation of a singularly obnoxious work, 'Salome Dancing before Herod,' by EDWARD H. CORNBOLD. This drawing is, perhaps, nothing worse than might have been dreaded after the 'Jezebel' of last year. It shows what an artist may come to who perseveres in painting without serious thought or intent, who makes manipulation his end and material his blatant boast. And the most extraordinary part of this sad business is that a painter should have gone so far out of his way for the sake of achieving something disagreeable, that he should have defied modesty without giving gratification to the eye. French painters, such as Doré, Gérôme, and Coomans, when they thus sin, manage, at all events, to be pleasing. It were indeed possible to drape a figure still more slightly without offence to taste or morals. It is the spirit, the tone of thought, the manner, the Art, which hurls this work down to the level of the casino. The more is the pity, for rare indeed is the skill shown in manipulation, consummate the touch, brilliant the flesh for tone and texture, and transparency. We trust it may still be permitted to the painter to return to the ways of truth and soberness, and to dedicate to nature powers lost in a vain show.

Among artists who know no change is LOUIS HAGRE. He has been, time out of mind, what he now is, even to this very day. His drawings retain, to a marvellous degree, their accustomed power and spirit. 'The Silver Wedding' has life and joviality; the artist's execution still retains its wonted pluck. JOHN ANSELON also goes on his way rejoicing, though he, too, has little fresh to tell. AUGUSTUS BOUVIER, of course, works to the end of time in the material of wax

and ivory, ever smooth and refined. One touch of actual nature would at once dissolve the spell. HENRY WARREN, the venerable President, always does his best. 'Bombay Fruit-Sellers' may be commended for colour, especially in the fruit. E. H. WENNER will be remembered by better pictures than those before us. C. WEIGALL fails of producing the effect after which he strives. Miss FARMER scarcely retains her promise. W. LUCAS will hardly rise above the position to which his heretofore proved talents entitle him. His shadows are black, and he has scarcely struck off the character of rustic life. W. LUBON THOMAS probably suffers from stress of occupation, which may preclude him from sparing for this gallery more than one composition. The scene from the 'Vicar of Wakefield' aims at a refinement and a decorative colour and costume to which the artist has scarcely hitherto aspired. Mr. Thomas may possibly pass from rustic to high life, and shine in the end equally in both.

HENRY TIDY reverts to his early love. He has an affection for high Art which may be much approved. 'The Woman of Samaria' is to be commended in many ways; only of two principal characters, Christ and the woman, the one is virtually absent, the other wholly unsatisfactory. Our Saviour appears merely as a radiant spot in the distance. The woman of Samaria, who it is recorded had five husbands, is nothing more than a girl without experience or character. Yet with these grave objections the work may be accepted as a right-minded contribution to sacred Art, after our modern showy phase.

Guido BACH still pursues his exalted avocation, with occasional descent upon nature. 'Happy Hours' might actually have been passed somewhere within the confines of earth; and another picture, though christened 'Ave Maria,' has evidently the merit of having been taken from living models. The handsome mother asserts the conscious bearing of a woman, who, because not quite up to the standard of the stage, is determined not to sink beneath the prescriptive graces of the studio. Yet should we be sorry to do despite to the academic pretensions of this artist; he supplies an element much wanted in the low naturalism of our English school. J. M. JORDAN is another Associate into whose presence even an angel might deem it impudence to rush. A critic endowed merely with common sense has long been incompetent to appreciate this artist's transcendental aberrations. Since the advent of 'Fluffy,' a true stroke of genius, we have mostly been content to stand aloof, dreading what might come next from the artist's genius. 'Melissa,' vide Tennyson's 'Princess,' seems to have been painted somewhere in Japan; consequently there are compounds of colour unaccustomed as admirable.

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THE WAY-SIDE IN ANDALUSIA.

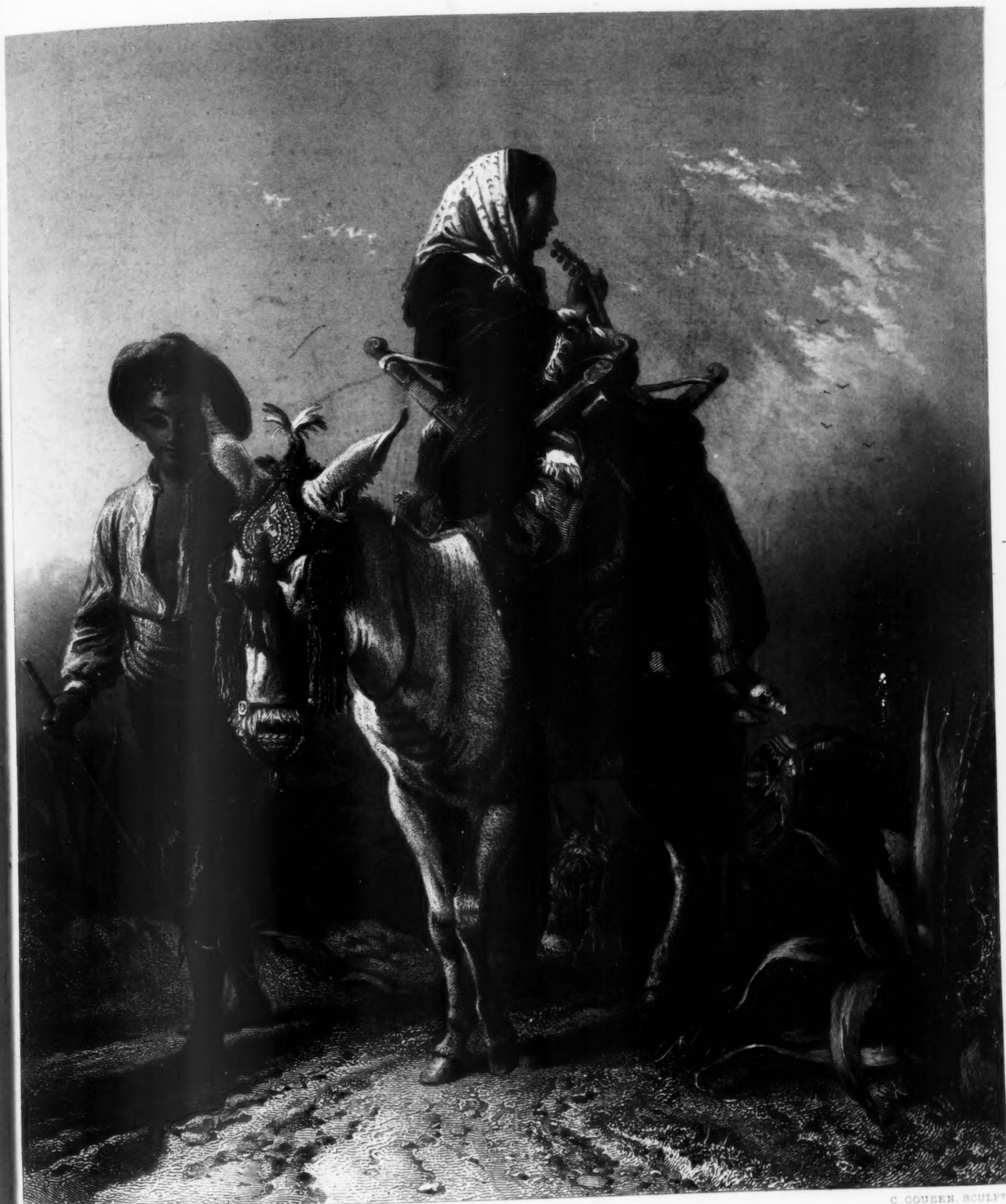
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Observant travellers in Andalusia never fail to remark that the inhabitants appear to be a mixture of the different nations which have successively held dominion over that country—Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, and Goths, mixed, however, with the original race, which was probably of African origin. The Moors invaded Spain in 710, and not till 1491 were they driven out from Grenada, their last hold. Notwithstanding their long expulsion, many traces of their character are still discernible. Andalusian women are remarkable for graceful forms, large, dark, and expressive eyes, and for small, delicate feet. These traits of personal appearance are not limited to the higher grades of society, but are manifest in all, as we see them in the young female seated on the mule in this engraving.

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and ivory, ever smooth and refined. One touch of actual nature would at once dissolve the spell. HENRY WARREN, the venerable President, always does his best. 'Bombay Fruit-Sellers' may be commended for colour, especially in the fruit. E. H. WEHNERT will be remembered by better pictures than those before us. C. WEIGALL fails of producing the effect after which he strives. Miss FARMER scarcely retains her promise. W. LUCAS will hardly rise above the position to which his heretofore proved talents entitle him. His shadows are black, and he has scarcely struck off the character of rustic life. W. LUSON-THOMAS probably suffers from stress of occupation, which may preclude him from sparing for this gallery more than one composition. The scene from the 'Vicar of Wakefield' aims at a refinement and a decorative colour and costume to which the artist has scarcely hitherto aspired. Mr. Thomas may possibly pass from rustic to high life, and shine in the end equally in both.

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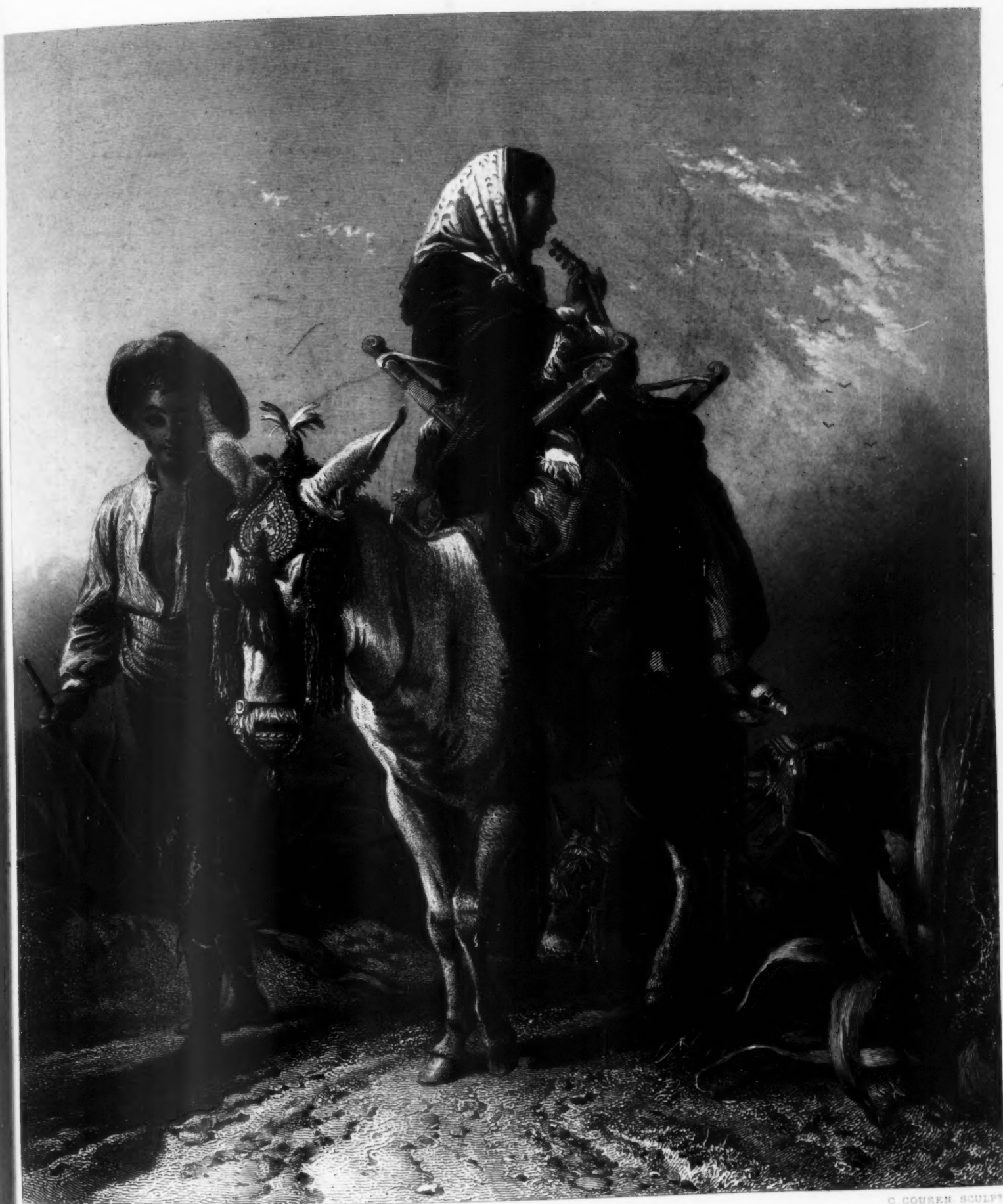
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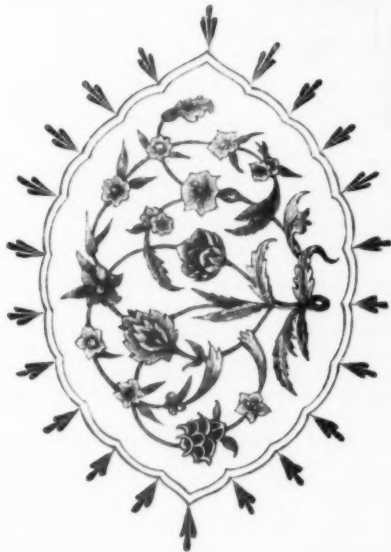
BOOKS AND BOOK-BINDING IN
SYRIA AND PALESTINE.

PART II.

It is worthy of remark that in all the houses of Damascus, except the very inferior ones, there are in the principal rooms several shelved recesses, some with, and some without, doors. In the best houses these doors are very richly ornamented. The recesses are all called, indiscriminately, "kitabeyeh" (i.e. book-places or book-cases), although only a small proportion of them is used for books. Indeed, I am inclined to think that there is scarcely a sufficient number of books in Syria to fill all the book-shelves of Damascus.

Oriental china bowls and cups, vases of flowers, silver trays, narghilehs, and other objects, occupy the recesses; but the name which still clings to them reminds us that the Damascenes were once a literary people. On the same principle the convenient recesses with doors, found in old-fashioned English houses, are still called "cupboards," whether they are used to contain cups or anything else: the original meaning of the word is generally lost sight of; and now while the "book-cases" of Damascus are crowded with old china, our "cupboards" are often filled with old books. I have actually heard a cupboard thus used called a "book cupboard."

In the houses of some of my Moslem friends at Damascus there are, however, some very valuable volumes, illuminated manuscripts, as well as printed books. When it was understood that I was anxious to see all the old and interesting books within my reach, many were kindly brought to me from various places, in the Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, and Persian languages. But there was one private library, the richest in Damascus, from which no book might be taken, as the former possessor of it had left it to his son, on the condition that none of the volumes should ever be moved from the rooms in which he had left them.



The accompanying illustration represents the centre-piece of the crimson cover of an Arabic Geographical Gazetteer, of the seventeenth century. This book was beautifully written and illuminated, and the design for the covers was in harmony with the style of the illumination. On the fly-leaves there were some curious talismans, magic squares, mystic lines, and ancient couplets. These are often found at the

beginning and end of old books, having been inscribed there by their successive owners. On the flap there was a curious pattern, which somewhat resembles a vertical section of an unripe Oriental fir-cone.



Books which are not bound in leather sometimes have stiff paper covers, ornamented with stencilled patterns, or with impressions of rudely cut wood blocks.

In the native schools of Syria and Palestine, the children have for centuries generally learnt their first lessons from tablets of wood, instead of from books. These wooden tablets are carefully planed, and covered with a preparation of white paint, on which it is very easy to write with a reed pen and thick Oriental ink. The writing may be washed off many times without disturbing the whitened surface.

Public schools are attached to nearly all the mosques, and there are schools in connection with most of the native Christian churches. The child when he first goes to school receives from the schoolmaster a tablet, with the Arabic alphabet written upon it in large characters; and when he has thoroughly learnt these and their numerical value, the schoolmaster writes for his pupil a new lesson, which in Moslem schools is usually a list of the ninety-nine attributes of God. This the boy takes home, as a proof of his progress, to show to his father, who generally places one or more piastres on the newly inscribed tablet, as an offering to the schoolmaster. For many succeeding lessons the same tribute is expected. This may truly be called a system of "payment for results," for a new lesson is never written until the preceding one has been thoroughly learnt. The first chapter of the Koran is usually one of the earliest lessons taught after the ninety-nine attributes have been committed to memory. The child chants his lesson over and over again, in company with other pupils, led by a monitor, all seated on a matted floor, tablets in hand, swaying themselves backwards and forwards incessantly. The last chapter of the Koran is the next one taught, and the pupil is led through the one hundred and fourteen chapters in inverted order, as the concluding ones are the shortest and easiest to remember, being metrical and rhymed, while the earlier chapters are in rhymed prose.

Moslem boys seldom learn to read until they know a considerable portion of the Koran "by heart," and the Christian children are generally thus taught to recite the Psalms before they begin to spell them. When this system is properly carried out in teaching a language, the pronunciation of which is uniform, it is astonishing how quickly the children become familiar with the appearance of the words, so as to recognise them readily. A large proportion of the children, however, do not attend the schools with sufficient regularity, or remain there a sufficiently long time, to accomplish this.

The little Moslem boy whom I introduce

here, holding a common tablet in his hand, was, when I took his portrait, repeating, but not actually reading, the celebrated chapter of the Koran entitled "The Declaration of the Unity of God." He was



dressed in his fête-day dress, but was surrounded by many little scholars clothed simply in smock-frocks of indigo-dyed linen, or in brown and white striped woolen garments, with red leather girdles.

Sometimes, though very rarely, I have seen little girls at these public schools, seated apart from the boys, but repeating their lessons with them. In village schools it frequently happens that the schoolmaster himself can neither read nor write, and then the pupils are simply taught to pray, to recite the Koran, and to speak with propriety. It is only in important towns that writing, arithmetic, grammar, and the higher branches of learning are taught in the native schools; and in very few places are any native book-shops to be found. Many travellers fail to discover any, and consequently report that there are none.

One of the most interesting bazaars of the city of Damascus, however, is the Book Bazaar, commonly called the "Sûk el Miskiye," because it leads to the court of the great "Mosque el Amwy." It is a wide, lofty, and well-built, but not very long, arcade, and is approached by a broad flight of steps descending from the bustling bazaar of the linen and silk drapers. Here the Moslem booksellers and bookbinders of Damascus established themselves long ago, and they still cling there, close to their temple. I was assured that they were very fanatical, and would not sell or even show their books to non-Moslems, and even objected to work for them.

In the Christian quarter, near to the Bâb Tûma, there are two native Christian booksellers, who deal chiefly in religious and educational works of an elementary character, some of which are printed at convents in the Lebanon and at Jerusalem, and others at Beirut and Malta, all evidently more or less under European guidance.

I was anxious to ascertain the state of the book-trade among the Moslems, and to see the bookbinders at work; so Hassan, one of my brother's kawasses, conducted me to the "Sûk el Miskiye," the Paternoster Row of Damascus. This place has not yet been robbed of any of its Oriental characteristics by European influence.

The shops or stalls on each side of the arcade are merely deep recesses, about five feet wide, and seven feet and a half in height. They are ranged close together, and the floors are nearly three feet above the footway.

In these cosy-looking niches, the book-sellers were seated at their ease on mats or carpets, reading in murmuring under-tones,

watching the passers by, or conversing with a customer; while the bookbinders, kneeling at their low benches, were busily at work. I found that there were twelve booksellers, five of whom were also bookbinders. I soon got into interesting conversation with an occupant of one of the shops, a thoughtful-looking elderly man who was smoking a narghileh, and fingering a rosary made of Mecca date-stones. He wore a white turban and a long grey cloth pelisse lined with fur. He replied to my questions with grave courtesy, and watched me curiously while I made notes and sketches. There was a good supply of books on the shelves behind him, and he willingly showed them to me, while I stood on the footway and leant on to the carpeted floor of the shop, which served as a counter. The printed books were chiefly from Cairo and Bagdad, and consisted of commentaries on the Koran, treatises on jurisprudence and grammar, historical works, and some

books of poetry and travels. I saw a few manuscript copies of the Koran—one old, and the others quite modern, and several newly written pocket prayer-books. He told me that there was a large demand for these little books, as even people who cannot read like to possess them. The copy he kindly allowed me to examine measured four inches by three, and contained fourteen leaves of paper, like fine vellum. The prayers were neatly written, between carefully ruled indented lines, and occupied not more than eighteen wide-margined pages. The price of the book, unbound, was five piastres (ten pence), and ten piastres if nicely bound in leather. Inferior copies may be obtained for a less sum. The side walls of the little shop were adorned with sacred monograms, pious ejaculations, and prayers, printed on paper, in very large characters, ready for house-decorators to trace on to the walls of mosques, shrines, and dwelling-houses. When I took leave

of my entertainer, he said:—"You have been welcome, O lady!" and he good naturedly volunteered to write his name, "*Mohammed el Musty el Katiby*," in my note-book.

After this I frequently visited the book bazaar, accompanied only by one of my brother's kawasses, and I soon became acquainted with all the booksellers and bookbinders. They always welcomed me kindly and courteously. Every one was eager to show me any newly acquired work of artistic or literary interest, old or new, as well as the valuable books sometimes sent from private libraries to be bound or repaired. I never saw any native Christians there. This is not, however, surprising, as the arcade is not a thoroughfare, and only leads to the mosque. At all hours of the day Moslem worshippers were passing to and from their temple.

The accompanying illustration represents the lower part of the shop of a bookbinder,



named *Et Tayyib bin ash Sheikh el Embarak*, which may be interpreted, "The Good or agreeable one, son of the Sheikh, the Blessed or fortunate one."

Et Tayyib worked occasionally for my brother and for me, and he seemed particularly pleased, when he found, one day, that I was putting him and his little workshop into my sketch-book. He was kneeling, as usual, at the well-made walnut-tree chest, which served him as a work-table, the top being formed of a slab of black basalt from the Hauran. In his hand he held a smooth rubber, made of the finest solid boxwood, and was embossing a piece of leather by rubbing it on a pattern cut in brass, which was beneath it. Before him was a glass filled with fragrant narcissi; for *Et Tayyib* always contrived to have flowers of some kind, or a blossoming tree branch, on his bench. He wore a red tarbush, with a heavy purple-black tassel, olive-green cloth jacket and trousers, a shawl girdle and red

shoes. On the floor by his side was one of the drawers belonging to his chest.

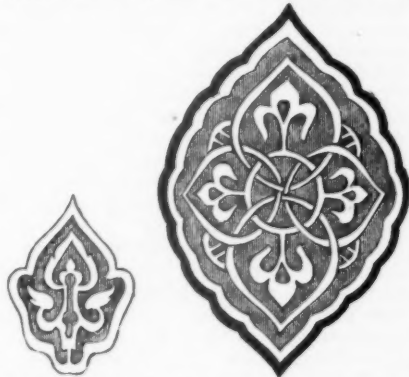
The picture on the wall opposite to him is a pen-and-ink drawing, in outline, of the Caaba and other holy places at Mecca, the work of a Moslem gentleman now living at Jerusalem.

Above the Mecca drawing appears the potent word *Mashallah*, written in black letters, on a gilt ground, and framed in ebony. This word signifies, "O work of God!" or "What God wills," and is believed to be a protection against evil of every kind. By the side of this there is a printed almanac, including the Mohammedan and Syrian calendars. It is intended to be rolled up and carried in the pocket. Its chief use is to show the exact times for the daily prayers, which vary according to the hours of sunrise and sunset.

Beyond the book-shelves, which are backed with wooden lattice-work, and reach to the raftered ceiling, there is a little

dark compartment, in which are kept stores of leather and millboard, with tools and machines not actually in use, and a small step-ladder. A jar of water is generally placed there. A towel hangs as a curtain before the low entrance to this little store place. There are only five rows of bookshelves, and the two uppermost ones extend over the top of the curtained doorway. The top shelf is carried along the three sides of the shop, and to reach it the ladder is used. In this little nook *Et Tayyib* executes all his work, and transacts all his business, assisted occasionally by one or two little boys. The machine on the floor, on the right-hand side of the bench, is a sewing-frame. The leaves of a book are placed, either one by one or in quires of five or more sheets, close against the upright cords, and are sewed to them separately. Then the book is fixed in the screw press, which stands on the low stool beyond, and the back is finished off. The edges of the

leaves are filed, with a coarse or fine instrument, according to the quality of the paper or the value of the book. The plough, as applied to paper cutting, is unknown in the Sûk el Miskiyyeh. The books shown on the shelves, in Et Tayyib's little shop, placed one on the top of the other, as they almost always are in the East, were chiefly theological works bound by himself. Some were in parchment covers, enriched with gold borders; others were bound in crimson morocco leather, with purple or green embossed centre pieces and corners, fitted in like mosaic work, and so securely that the joinings could scarcely be felt. He allowed me to take rubbings of all his patterns or dies, most of which were cut in



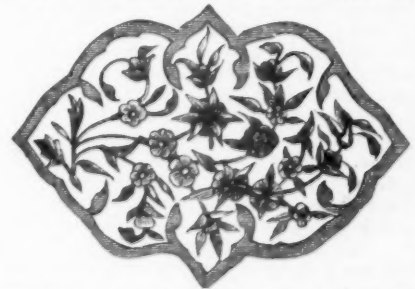
brass; and of these I give specimens here, including corner pieces, borders, centre pieces, and finials of various styles.

Some of the dies were black and very slightly elastic, and of a material that Et Tayyib calls *jild el Ajâmy*, i.e., Persian leather, but which I fancy must be a



preparation of some vegetable gum of the gutta percha kind.

The Damascenes, like ourselves, do not always give correct or appropriate names to foreign substances. For instance, they call "india rubber" *jild el Afrîte*, which may be translated, "skin of a demon;" for



we have no western word which exactly describes the terrible and malicious monster created by Eastern fancy, and called 'Afrîte.

The accompanying illustration is a copy of an impression of one of the so-called 'Persian leather' dies. It was sufficiently sharp and clear, but appeared to have been cast and afterwards cut over. I did not see any very recently cut brass patterns: there appears to be no demand for them, as there is a sufficient supply of old ones. The five bookbinders good-naturedly lend their patterns and tools to each other, and act as if they were all in partnership.

Et Tayyib told me that there are more MSS. than printed books sold in the Sûk el Miskiyyeh. The Koran and prayer books are always preferred in MS. by the Damascenes. Dream books are greatly valued, but they are rarely seen in the book bazaar, as they are generally sold privately. The "Thousand and one Nights" is a well-known book, but there are not many copies of it in Damascus.

On a bright summer morning last year, I paid a farewell visit to the book bazaar. I watched one of the bookbinders for some time, while he prepared a new cover for an old copy of the Koran. A little Persian carpet was spread for me on the floor close to the bench, and I sat down comfortably *à la Turque* to take one more lesson in Oriental book-binding, and, I may say, in bookselling also, for Mujallid was interrupted several times by customers. One of them was an aged shiekhah, i.e. a female shiekh or teacher, renowned for her piety and learning. It was the first time I had seen a Moslem woman in the character of a purchaser of books, and the occurrence interested me greatly, but of this I must speak elsewhere. In the mean time, El Mujallid spread out on his bench a piece of red leather of the required size and shape, and covered it on the inside with a stiff yellowish inodorous paste of great adhesive power, called *sarras*.

He then placed on it two pieces of octavo-sized millboard to form the sides, and a narrower piece, obtusely pointed, for the flap, leaving spaces between them corresponding with the thickness of the book. These spaces he covered with coarse linen. He turned the leather neatly over the edges of the millboard, and with his boxwood rubber fixed it down, and then rubbed the outside of the cover till the leather was perfectly smooth and firmly set.

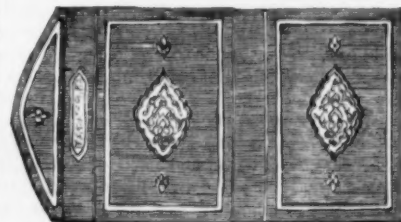
He handed to me a little drawer, from which to choose a pattern for the enrichment of the cover. I selected an arabesque centre-piece, with a finial to match. El Mujallid impressed them on the leather by beating them with a very heavy hammer, shaped something like his boxwood rubber. Then he took a leaf of gold, rather thicker than English leaf gold, placed it on the brass plate and cut it to the exact size by running his knife round the edge. He covered the corresponding impression on the book-cover with a thin, smooth coating of *sarras*, placed the gold-covered die upon it, carefully turned it over, so that the die should remain in its right place, and then hammered it vigorously from the back, till the pattern could be plainly seen through on the millboard. He repeated this process till every impression on the sides and on the flap of the book-cover was sharply

* This excellent paste, called in Damascus *sarras*, and in Aleppo *noulak*, is made of the finely ground roots of the wild aspidodel (*Asphodelus ramosus*), which grows abundantly in the desert of Palmyra and in the Hauran, as well as in many other parts of the Turkish dominions. Great quantities of it are used in Syria, especially by the shoe-makers. The farina is said to be very nutritious. In some places it is mixed with wheat flour, and made into bread—two parts of wheat to one part of the aspidodel farina. The leaves of this plant are very mucilaginous, and are not only useful in making soup, but they furnish paper-makers with a clear, bright gum for glazing the surface of paper.

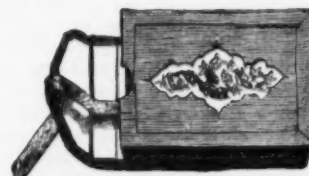
embossed and bright with gold. He then took from the drawer a narrow brass plate, with an inscription on it, for the front edge



of the book-cover. The accompanying is a facsimile of it. It signifies, "Let none touch it but the clean!" This warning is always written or impressed on covers of the Koran that it may not be inadvertently polluted, or handled irreverently. The Koran should be placed on a reading-desk when in use, and should never be held below the girdle, nor be left on a divan.



The above is from a sketch which I made of the book-cover, as it appeared when Mujallid had given it its last touches with his tooling instruments. The flap was lined with leather, the other parts with glazed purple paper. Almost all Oriental books have their front edges protected by similar flaps, and valuable volumes are kept in cases like the accompanying one, the design upon which was from a "Persian leather" die.



At the lower edge of my drawing of Et Tayyib's shop, some rude hinges will be perceived. These are attached to a flap or drop shutter, about two feet and a half deep, which hangs down during the day and nearly reaches the footpath. A narrow ledge or bracket in the middle of it serves as a step by which to mount to the floor of the shop. At about an hour or more before sunset, the shutter is generally turned up and fastened by the two hooks shown in the drawing. Except on special occasions, all the shops in the chief bazaars of Damascus are shut, more or less securely, and deserted, before sunset. The shopkeepers go to their several homes in the neighbouring lanes and streets, and soon after sunset the great wooden gates of the bazaars are closed and guarded by watchmen, who, however, for a trifle, will swing them back on their creaking hinges at any hour of the night for the accommodation of people who are well known.

I have frequently ridden, at midnight, with my brother, through the deserted bazaars. How well I remember the long arched and vaulted vistas, scantily illumined by pendant oil lamps, the night-silence broken now and then by the angry barking of the bazaar-dogs, or by the kawasses shouting to the wardens at every barrier, to "open the gate for the consul." This was always willingly done, and as we passed through we invariably heard the pleasant words, "Peace be upon you," or "Go in peace."

MARY ELIZA ROGERS.

NOTABILIA
OF THE
UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION.

BY PROFESSOR ARCHER, F.R.S.E.,
Corresponding Member of the Scientific Committee of the
Ministry of Crown Domains of Russia.

THE ART AND ART-MANUFACTURES OF RUSSIA.—Self-conceit and a certain amount of superciliousness are national as well as individual weaknesses; hence it is not much to be wondered at, that the French, as well as other nations, saw with surprise a people whom they had thought proper to assume to be only semi-civilised, developing such indications of true Art and cultivated taste in the Exposition Universelle, as at once proved them to be greatly in advance of more pretentious nations. It was seen unmistakably that Russia has a true school of Art, essentially national, and like that of the Latin race, essentially of religious origin. It was seen, too, by all careful observers, that whether the Russian section was studied from the ancient point of view—as illustrated in its contributions to the "Histoire de Travail"—or through its modern productions, there is no reason to feel that the Art-taste of the country is declining. Some have assumed that the magnificent displays made by Russia in the London exhibitions, and still more notably in that of Paris just terminated, were due to extraordinary efforts of the Imperial Government to make a good appearance before the assembled nations, and that the treasures of the Tsar were lavished to show that his country was more advanced than the rest of Europe chose to imagine. This was certainly not the case, and the writer, whilst calling attention to the most remarkable features in the Russian section of the Exhibition, will endeavour also to give, from personal knowledge, some information upon the actual state of the Art and the Art-manufactures of the empire, in order to prove that the works exhibited were not exceptional in any respect, but fairly represented the Art-energies of the country.

The examples of ancient Art shown in the gallery of the "Histoire de Travail," as well as the modern manufactures of the jewellers, goldsmiths, &c., in the modern section, showed equally how true the artists have been from first to last to the traditions of their Slavonic-Byzantine school, which has throughout taught a style and cultivated a taste that may be defined as a pretty equal admixture of Oriental and Romano-Christian Art.

Hitherto in visiting Russia the traveller from other parts of Europe has been quite unprepared for the grand repositories of Art which exist in that country, not only in the churches, monasteries, and other ecclesiastical buildings, but also in the vast and well-ordered museums of the government, societies, and private citizens; but the display in the Paris Exhibition must inevitably direct attention to a region so rich both in novelty and in ancient Art.

The goldsmith's work and enamels carried the Arts back to the twelfth century, and some of the specimens were of great beauty and fine execution. Mixed with those of undoubted Slavonic workmanship, were some made by German and Italian artists, whose talents had been sought for and employed by the sovereigns of Muscovy. Manifest is the extent to which this employment of foreign talent was carried on, especially in the latter part of the fifteenth and the commencement of the sixteenth centuries, when Ivan III. and his Byzantine

wife, the daughter of Constantine Palæologus, deeply imbued with a love of the Fine Arts, afforded a home for Italian and other artists in the Kremlin, and laid the foundation of the glories of that marvellous structure. In its superb museum, the Treasury of Moscow, there are abundant and most costly evidences of the encouragement given to everything connected with Art by the sovereigns just mentioned, and the long line of successors who followed them. Scarcely any country can show a richer and more interesting collection; and it is a marvel to those who have studied the history of those troublous times through which the empire passed, when Poland was the powerful and implacable invader instead of a conquered province, and the subsequent invasion of the French in modern times, to conceive how such vast wealth in Art-treasures was saved; and it must be allowed that no greater proof can be afforded of a veneration for such objects. In the Treasury of Moscow may be seen an entire regalia of unrivalled beauty, the work of Cellini; and, side by side with it, some of the finest specimens existing of early British goldsmiths' work, not improbably made by "Jingling Geordie," as it dates about 1600; and these are in company with a gorgeous display of other foreign and native talent, chiefly shown in the state equipages, regalia, thrones, and personal decorations of the numerous Tsars and their Tsarinas who have ruled in Russia.

In the Hermitage, which constitutes one of the largest and richest of European museums, there is preserved the record of a still earlier period in the Art-history of the vast Russian empire. The two divisions of the Hermitage called the "Kertch" and Scythian Museums, are extraordinarily rich in illustrations of that mixture of Greek and barbaric Art which took place when the ancient colonies from Greece were planted on the shores of the Cimmerian Bosphorus, and kings reigned within the walls of Panticapæum, the capital of the Tauric Chersonesus. The visitors to the Italian section of the Paris Exhibition who were fortunate enough to find in its secluded retreat the exquisite works of Signor Castellani, would be struck with the exceeding beauty of a gold coronet, with ear-rings and necklace, which was early purchased for the Countess of Dudley by the Earl, whose good taste in such matters is unrivalled. That exquisite *parure* was a facsimile of one found in a tomb at Orvieto, in central Italy, and now in the museum of the Louvre, with many other beautiful objects of the Campana collection, of which it formed a part. I have mentioned it here because it is of the same style as most of the jewellery in the extensive Kertch collection of the Hermitage, and strange to say, there is in that collection a set of ornaments so exactly like the one just mentioned that it would be very difficult to distinguish one from the other; a remarkable circumstance when it is borne in mind that one was found in a tomb at Orvieto, as above mentioned, and the other in a tomb at Kertch, in the Crimea, the Panticapæum of the Greeks.

Without speaking specially of the Roumiantzeff Museum of Moscow, the museums of the provincial Governments, and of the nobles, which are numerous and very rich in works of Art, ancient and modern, I feel I have said enough to show that there is in this country an abundance of material for the student, and I can add, a healthy and growing desire to take advantage of it. This is much stimulated by the active and patriotic exertions of men of rank and

good position, such as His Imperial Highness the Duke of Leuchtenberg, Prince Kotchoubey, the brothers Boutovsky, Dimitri Grigorovitch, and others, who make it a labour of love to develop the Art-resources of their country, and work untiringly at the task.

As a result of the London Exhibition of 1862, there has been established in Moscow an institution formed exactly on the plan of the Art-schools at South Kensington; it is under the direction of M. Boutovsky. In it a large number of students are carefully instructed in drawing and designing, and the more skilful amongst them are engaged in copying from the Art-treasures of the various museums, and from the ancient MSS. in the libraries, such details as can be turned to practical use in the schools. The beautiful series of drawings which adorned the walls of the "Histoire de Travail" Gallery, and which astonished our artists, were some of the results of this useful system; whilst those which were on the walls of the educational department were the works of the best skilled artisan students, and consisted chiefly of designs for textile fabrics, &c.

In painting and sculpture, Russia is making great progress; but in these she was not well represented in Paris, for, with one or two exceptions, better pictures may be often seen in the Gallery of Art, St. Petersburg, which, under the able direction of M. Grigorovitch, is constantly open to the works of native artists until they are sold. We have ourselves experienced the difficulty of inducing the owners of pictures to lend them for such purpose; and the same difficulty is felt in Russia, where it is much increased by the vast extent over which they are scattered, and the imperfect means of communication.

Nevertheless, enough was shewn to prove that there is not only genius but a national school. The one picture of Constantine Flavitsky arrested every eye, and few will ever forget that terrible prison-scene. Bogoliouboff, the first Baron Jurgensburg, Horavsky, Lahorio, Peroff, Schwertschow, Popoff, and some others, form a group of which any Academy might feel proud. The want of sculptors is due in some measure, doubtless, to that peculiarity of the Greek Church, which forbids statues of the saints, &c., but that a remarkable talent for modelling from life is possessed by Russians was abundantly proved by the marvellous bronzes of Lieberich in the Paris Exhibition, and still more notably in that of London (1862), when his groups of Cossacks and horses caused great surprise; by the bronzes of Tchijoff; and the wood and ivory carvings of Antokolsky.

I now proceed to notice the Art-manufactures of Russia, which were so well illustrated in the Exhibition; and first, that of the Mosaics, which is, like the porcelain and tapestry of France, an Imperial establishment wholly sustained by the Tsar. It is under the direction of the Minister of the Court, Count Adlaberg, whose able administration has enabled Russia to shew the marvellous works which were exhibited in London and Paris. The Director of the works, Signor Bonafé, is a native of Rome, and is one of the most talented artists the Mosaic Manufactory of the Vatican has ever produced. He has thoroughly communicated his intense love of Art to his staff of Russian artisans, and as the work is so peculiarly adapted to the national taste, it is not wonderful that it has been so successful. All work together with a harmony which is as surprising as it is agreeable to see, and a little observa-

tion tells the visitor that the gentle and genial spirit of the amiable Director has had the happiest effect upon those around him. The factory is not a very large building, but it is extremely well adapted for the purpose; in it both large works for mural decoration, and smaller ones for tables, and other small objects, are made. The colours and shades of colour used in the pictures are more than twelve hundred in number, and as their manufacture constitutes the most essential part of the process I will endeavour to explain it. The primary series are made by giving to glass the colours produced by certain metallic compounds, Oxide of Tin being added in most cases to give opacity. The second series are produced by mixing one or more of the colours so produced to obtain others. The metals chiefly employed are gold, silver, copper, cobalt, manganese, lead, tin, antimony, iron, and chromium. Carmine, purple, and rose colours are obtained by gold; yellow by silver, lead, and antimony; blue by cobalt; red by copper; brown by manganese; black by iron; green by copper and chromium, &c.; orange by lead. From the colours produced by these materials in glass, the almost infinite varieties, or shades, are made by mixing opaque white glass in various proportions with the coloured glass. This is a very peculiar operation. The uninitiated would naturally suppose that they are melted and stirred together, or that they are pulverised, and the powders mixed in different proportions and remelted; but neither of these processes will succeed. I will give one example of the method really employed, and that serves for all. Suppose a pale rose colour is wanted for flesh-tints, the operator takes a small piece of the dark blood-red colour produced by gold, and another piece of the milk-white opaque glass produced by the oxide of tin. Each is exactly weighed, and the weight is determined by the experience of the operator, who knows to a grain how much of the diluting white is necessary to produce the tint he requires. He next takes one of the pieces in a pair of forceps, and drives the flame of an oil lamp upon it until it softens, upon which he applies the end of an iron pointil to it and twists it round and round until he has gathered it all round the end of the pointil; he next proceeds to do the same with the other portion, and when this is accomplished, he takes a pointil in each hand, and brings both of the lumps of glass in contact with the flame of the lamp, working the blow-pipe bellows with his foot until they soften, he then presses them together and mixes them continually by twisting and kneading until they are so intimately combined that no trace of mixture can be detected. The whole mass is then pressed into a round cake usually, for the large tesserae, about four inches in diameter, and half an inch thick. When required for use, this cake of glass or enamel is operated upon by a simple cutting machine which has seven circular cutting discs set half an inch apart, and is by it cut in strips, which are as wide as the thickness of the cake, excepting the two outside ones, which are used for remelting. Each of the strips is then marked in the middle by a file, and broken across with an even fracture, each half shewing a perfectly square section, whilst its other end, from having been the outer edge of the cake, is of irregular shape; this irregularity is preserved, or even increased by breaking it obliquely, for a special reason, which will be soon mentioned. For the manufacture of small

mosaics, the enamel or coloured glass is not made into cakes, but is drawn out whilst still soft into sticks of the size required; these are flattened on each side before they cool on metal plates, and are easily broken into the required lengths when wanted. The first process in making a large mosaic is to transfer the design of the coloured cartoon, or picture, to paper ruled with lines at right angles to each other, so as to form squares of the same size as the tesserae to be employed; each square is then carefully numbered with the number of the shade of colour required, each colour or shade of colour in the store cases being known by a fixed number. This operation requires the nicest care and most consummate skill, frequent comparisons being often required before the artist can be quite satisfied that he has chosen the exact tint.

When the whole of the numbers are filled in, the next process is to transfer the numbered copy to a surface of plaster of Paris, prepared thus: a strong frame of wood is made so as to comprise, within its four sides, the exact dimensions of the picture; each side is of square timber, often eight or ten inches in thickness, according to the size of the intended mosaic,—that shown in the Paris Exhibition required the larger of these dimensions—and the corners are firmly secured with strong wrought iron clamps; this frame is then laid on a polished marble or stone table and the mixed plaster of Paris is poured into it until it is full. After the stucco has set firm and has become nearly dry, the whole is carefully lifted by a crane, and gradually turned over, so that the side which was next to the table is brought uppermost, and is also allowed some time to dry; when this has been secured the surface is rendered as smooth and level as possible, and to it is transferred the ruled and numbered outline copy of the cartoon. From this point the production of the mosaic becomes a very mechanical affair, except as far as the heads, hands, and feet of human figures are concerned; and these are always done by the most skilled artists. The background is usually so simple as to be intrusted to the young beginners, and the work generally commences with it. Each square is carefully cut out with a small and sharp knife, to a sufficient depth to take the tessera with some mastic cement; in this way each square of the drawing is excavated and refilled with a square of the enamel of the right number until the whole picture is complete, and the mastic is so applied that it cements them very firmly together. During the setting of the tesserae great care is taken to keep the surface perfectly even, which is done by flattening tools, and by constantly applying the level to the work.

When the picture has thus been completed, the whole is lifted by the crane, and turned over, with its face to the table. This is a difficult and perilous operation, with large mosaics, for the weight is enormous, and there is great risk of the picture so patiently and laboriously wrought, giving away. This will be better understood when it is known that the Paris mosaic weighed rather more than seven tons. The reverse side, now uppermost, exposes only a plain surface of stucco; this is now carefully dug out with proper tools until the irregular ends of the tesserae are exposed and the plaster is carefully removed from amongst their fang-like projections. The importance of having them so irregular is now seen, for after the stucco is carefully cleared away, mixed Portland or Roman cement is gradually poured in, until the whole is

filled up, and forms a solid back, into which they are tightly imbedded.

The mosaic picture is now complete, and ready to be transferred to its destination, where, with its frame, it is built into the wall. Hitherto all the large mosaic pictures produced at the Imperial Factory have been made for churches, and nearly always for the decoration of the Ikonostas or altar-screen. The one shown in Paris was for the Ikonostas of the wonderful church of St. Isaacs, the altar-screen of which has cost not much less than £500,000 sterling.

It follows, almost as a matter of course, that the glass and ceramic works of a country, which has succeeded so wonderfully in mosaics, must be in an advanced state as far as Art itself is concerned, and all observers must have been struck with the correct taste and elegance of design shown in the comparatively small display of china and glass exhibited; there was not a single piece which was not eagerly bidden for by numerous connoisseurs, and those who were the lucky purchasers had hard work to secure their bargains against the numerous unsuccessful claimants. The designs generally were true Slavonic-Byzantine, presenting an agreeable combination of colour and elegant geometric forms, but there were some instances of departure from this national and true style, and copies of fruit, flowers, &c., from nature, were substituted in all cases with exquisite taste and execution, and very tender feeling for the real.

Like the mosaic manufactory, the glass and china "Fabriks" are the property of the government, and are only sustained in the hopes of making them, in time, a nucleus for national manufactures. At present their productions are few, beautiful, and dear, and they cannot come into competition with the cheap British and German pottery, which is chiefly used by the people at large. The works for carrying on these Art-manufactures are in the suburbs of St. Petersburg, and are not yet of very great extent.

Another imperial manufacture is the "Pietra-dura Fabrik," at Peterhoff, where those beautiful cabinets, tables, &c., are made, which are admitted now to surpass, in beauty, the similar works of any nation. No triumph could have been more complete than that of this department, for in addition to its prizes, the beautiful table of inlaid stone-work was bought for the city of Florence, hitherto allowed to be the head-quarters of this species of Art-industry.

The works in gold and silver, so peculiarly Russian in character, which were chiefly exhibited by Sazikoff, of St. Petersburg, became pretty well-known to us in 1862; but the display in Paris showed a considerable advance in the artistic quality of the work. There is no more remarkable point connected with Sazikoff's productions than the admirable adaptability of the beautiful Slavonic characters to the purposes of ornament, and we consequently find apposite inscriptions in those characters forming most beautiful and appropriate borders and fret-work for the quaint forms of his articles. In one article of useful plate Sazikoff surpassed all other exhibitors, namely, spoons; whilst his quaint little salt-boxes, with their Slavonic motto of "Without salt and conversation friendship flags," were bought so eagerly, that he could not supply the demand. Sazikoff has the entire merit of resuscitating this branch of the national Art-manufactures. In 1832 he commenced in Moscow, and went on with moderate success until 1847, when he opened an establishment in St. Peters-

burg, which has proved a most successful undertaking, employing over two hundred artisans, producing about £70,000 worth of gold and silver plate annually. Ovtchinikoff and Seménoff, both of Moscow, are also eminent and tasteful workers in the precious metals, whose works were highly appreciated.

The only other manufacture to be noticed in connection with Art of a truly Russian character, is that of the beautiful gold and silver brocades and cloths for ecclesiastical vestments, many of which are unrivalled in beauty even by the Italian artists. They are chiefly, if not entirely, produced at Moscow, and principally by the important firm of Vischniakoff, Brothers. The silk, and gold, and silver threads, are of the purest quality, and the designs are all in good taste. This establishment has been in operation for fifty years, and the taste for gorgeous costumes in the Greek Church furnishes it with abundant employment. Sufficient has now been said to show that the fine Arts, especially in their application to objects of utility, are not neglected in the great Russian Empire; and the writer is of opinion that other nations may greatly benefit by the Art-treasures of that country becoming more fully and widely known.

THE SCULPTURE FOR THE LONDON UNIVERSITY.

THE building for the London University is now so far advanced as to be partially covered in; but, notwithstanding this rapidity of construction, the date of its completion cannot be precisely determined. It occupies the northern, or upper, portion of Burlington Gardens, and, with a view to economy of space, approaches the street line within a few feet, and here is placed the principal entrance. The front will be of stone, and will be mainly formed of three parts—a centre and two wings, with a portico thrown forward from the centre. It is intended to ornament the front with statues, representing some of the greatest men of ancient and modern times; and, according to certain rules of fitness, the selection of the subjects has been made.

The proprieties of such a case point at once to those who have morally been benefactors of their race, and to the exclusion of kings, heroes, statesmen, and others, who have signalised themselves only in the tragedy of history. There is yet another condition by which the choice should have been guided; which is, that each of the elect should not be regarded as eligible simply on account of a brilliant example, but that he should have bequeathed works permanently available for the good of mankind.

It is a source of congratulation on all sides that the tedious, and always unsatisfactory, process of competition has not been resorted to in this case. To Lord John Manners has been delegated the invidious duty of selecting the sculptors; and he has named Lough, Westmacott, Woodington, Noble, Theed, Durham, and Foley. To six of these, three statues each are assigned, and Mr. Durham is charged with the execution of four. In some respects the list is unexceptionable; it is to be regretted that it is not entirely so. The sum appropriated to these works is four thousand four hundred pounds; that is, for each, two hundred pounds. It is not certain that all the artists named have accepted their respective commissions. The modelling of a statue intended to be carved in Caen stone, or even in more common material, requires as much study and careful manipulation as if it were about to be finished in marble or cast in bronze. But a figure in these latter materials could be produced only at a minimum cost of from six hundred and twelve hundred pounds respectively, to any maximum according to contract.

The following recommendations of the committee have been adopted:—1. That the four

seated figures over the four piers of the entrance portico should typify the four faculties of the university, as represented by Englishmen illustrious in Arts, Science, Law, and Medicine, respectively. 2. That the six standing figures on the roof-line of the central portion of the building should be in the classical style, and should represent men of ancient times, eminent in various departments of study included in the university course. 3. That the six standing figures in the niches of the ground floor of the wings should be portrait-statues of distinguished representatives of modern knowledge; those on the West wing Britons, and those on the East wing foreigners. 4. That the six standing figures on the roof-line of the wings should also be statues of distinguished representatives of modern knowledge; those on the West wing to be Britons, and those on the East wing to be foreigners.

From the names submitted to it, the Senate made the following selection:—*Seated figures over the central portico*—Bentham, Milton, Newton, and Harvey; *standing figures on the roof-line of centre*—Cicero, Galen, Aristotle, Plato, Archimedes, and Tribonian; *for portrait-statues in niches of ground floor of wings*—Cuvier, Leibnitz, Linnaeus, Locke, Bacon, and Adam Smith; *standing figures on roof-line of wings*—Galileo, Laplace, Goethe, Shakspeare, Hunter, and Dalton; in all, twenty-two.

Before the list was finally determined some names were withdrawn, and others substituted. After the elaboration which the list has, in preparation, undergone, it is surprising that it should be open to question. Had the number of names been less, the perils of the Senate had been proportionably diminished. Had the number proposed been greater, any eccentricities of selection might have been compensated; although these, together with any cases of false attribution, would be obnoxious to contemporary criticism, as well as to that of posterity.

The name of Shakspeare, we believe, did not appear on the first list. It was subsequently received in the place of that of, we think, Johnson; and the circumstance forces an indecent comparison between the men. If a scholar were limited to the study of the works of any of those named, he had better (unless for a special career) address himself to Shakspeare than to any of the others. Shakspeare has always exercised a marked influence on our language; and during the present century that influence has greatly increased. Not only is he considered by ourselves the greatest poet that the world has produced, but this judgment is subscribed by all intelligent foreign critics. To sum up, in a few words, the relative merits of the men, it may be said that the one established the language, of which the other formed a dictionary. As representing morals, reason, and sound sense, Johnson would be unexceptionable; but because he was simply virtuous shall we have no more intellectual pabulum? When we find that Shakspeare was omitted, and the election condescended to Johnson, it is not difficult to account for other omissions.

The four faculties of the university are to be represented by Englishmen "illustrious in Arts, Science, Law, and Medicine, respectively." As representing science and medicine, none more worthy than Newton and Harvey could have been chosen. But Bentham was not "illustrious" in law. Although he has been assigned a place among the most distinguished men of his day, there are others whom sound jurists would place before him. He himself published nothing of importance in the English language: his works were brought forward in the French of Dumont, and in the English of the translator, Sir John Bowring. Bentham's ideas on certain points of morality were avowedly vicious, and this alone ought to exclude his statue from association with those deemed fit to adorn such a building as that in Burlington Gardens. He was moreover only a closet lawyer, a character analogous to a "pen-and-ink general." There must have been a strong savour of the merely technical in the propositions for the first list, and yet the simple profession of Law has triumphed over its application. For Bentham, Sir Samuel Romilly would have been an admirable substitute as representing the govern-

ment of mankind by law in action; but we must note, in a few words, the cruel use to which the Senate has put Milton. We recognise Newton and Harvey in association with Science and Medicine; but how are we to regard Milton in the chair of the Arts? If he was "illustrious" for anything, it was for his poetry; but poetry has been ignored in the first casts of the list, and its professors are now received—but not welcomed—because they could not be excluded; and their philosophy apologises for their poetry. We may accept Milton's induction into the incumbency of Arts as a criticism on *Paradise Lost*, considered as a psychological essay, with a pungent censure on such impertinences as chairs of Poetry. Lucretius, it is said, was one of the first list—brought forward as a philosopher, but he was dismissed; was this because his poetry is better than his philosophy? It may be said that we have to do only with the list of names as last determined. This may be so, but there are discrepancies in the selection, to which some clue is sought by consideration of the men who have been placed on, and subsequently removed from, prior lists. We know not whether Sir Humphrey Davy was ever proposed; if not, it would be instructive to know why he has not been chosen. Davy, who succeeded to the chair of the Royal Society which Newton once occupied, was, beyond all question, the greatest chemist of any age or country; as also one of the most distinguished men of his time in physical science. And why, it will be asked, is Watt omitted, who really may be considered the great source of our pre-eminence in manufactures, and to whom our debt is daily increased by the annihilation of space and economy of time? Franklin and Priestley were among the earlier names; but they were removed, and two more acceptable—those of Hunter and Dalton—were substituted, though it would have been preferable to the public generally to have seen Davy in the place of Dalton.

"And who was Tribonian?" will be asked, almost as frequently as the name is read or heard. It is well that a worthy name should be rescued from obscurity; but here the authorities of the University travel far to gather inferior metal, while gold is strewn in their path. Tribonian was a lawyer who, by learning and various accomplishments, won the admiration and confidence of Justinian, in so far, as to be appointed one—the chairman, certainly—of a decemvirate, which was charged with the revision of the more ancient Roman codes.

Those sculptors to whom the ancients have been assigned will, with reason, congratulate themselves on their good fortune. They will not be troubled by the study of likeness, and the disposition of angular costume; but they will present us systems of draperies legitimately antique, every fold of which, it may be remarked, we weigh, even in these days, with singular fastidiousness, though the antique for public statues is now out of date. Among the figures that may cause the greatest perturbation to the artist, perhaps, those of Milton and Shakspeare will be conspicuous. The day is now gone by when men of the present and recent times can be set forth in draperies presumed Greek like Bacon's Johnson and Gibson's Huskisson. The modern coat, waistcoat, and nether continuations have been the sculptor's despair; but it is yet even more difficult to make the doublet and hose respectable. We sincerely hope that Lord John Manners, in giving these commissions, has not forgotten the necessary condition that each of the modern impersonations shall appear strictly in the costume of his day.

On the statement of its proposition by the Senate a few words. The works for the niches are to be "portrait-statues;" those for the portico are to be "seated figures," and the rest "standing figures." For ourselves, we know what is wanted, but there are many persons who would give a distinct and special meaning to the words figure and portrait-statue as used in the resolution; and hence an inference that portraits of certain only of the men will be required. As, however, there are extant portraits of two-thirds of them, it is to be hoped that likeness will not be overlooked.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—Sale of the San Donato Collection of Pictures.—One of the most extraordinary sales of pictures recorded in the annals of Fine Art was that of the San Donato Gallery, which took place in Paris, on the 18th of April. The collection was small—only three-and-twenty pictures in all—but remarkable by character, and for the large prices they realised. This *élite* of *chef-d'œuvres* belonged to Prince Anatole Demidoff; and formed a part of the wondrous attraction of every kind which rendered his villa of San Donato, near Florence, one of the most marvellous creations which ever sprung from the combined action of luxury and refined taste. The following is a *résumé* of the sale:—

PAINTERS.	SUBJECTS.	PURCHASERS.	PRICE SOLD.
Mirvel	Portrait of a Man	M. Gallet St. Paul	£300
Mieris	Two Portraits	M. Petit	£400
Bergheim	Old Port of Genoa	M. Petit	£400
Wouwerman	Haymaking	Prince Narischkine	£2,000
Osade	The Village	M. Mannheim	£4,000
D. Teniers	The Ham Breakfast	Baron Seillière	£3,000
D. Teniers	The Temptation of St. Anthony	M. Petit	£300
F. Potter	Cattle Grazing	Baron J. de Rothschild	£4,480
Terburg	The Congress of Munster	M. Mannheim	£7,250
Terburg	Curiosity	Baron Seillière	£2,810
Mezuz	The Visit	Baron Seillière	£2,040
Cuyp	The Avenue of Dordrecht	M. Mannheim	£2,000
Hobbema	Castle on the Bank of a River	Baron J. de Rothschild	£3,920
Hobbema	View near Haarlem	M. Petit	£4,400
Ruyssdael	A forest	Baron Seillière	£2,400
Van de Velde	The Downs of Schweringen	M. Bocher (for the Duke D'Aumale)	£2,400
Rembrandt	Portrait of an Old Woman	M. Bocher (for the Duke D'Aumale)	£2,720
Rembrandt	Portrait of a Young Girl	Prince Narischkine	£2,200
Rubens	Christ wept for by the Holy Women	M. de Tolstol	£504
J. Steen	Moses striking the Rock	M. Petit	£1,000
Flinck	The Crucifixion	Baron Seillière	£516
			£54,398

'The Congress of Munster,' knocked down to M. Mannheim, was purchased, it is said, for a member of the Rothschild family.—The unfinished pictures and sketches left by the late Theodore Rousseau were sold during the past month, and fetched good prices.

VIENNA.—The Sale of the Arthaber Gallery.—This most choice collection of pictures is now dispersed. The greater number remain in Vienna, it is true; but they are divided among various possessors. The regret was general that any works by Viennese artists should leave the Austrian capital; and no little patriotic feeling was displayed when certain pictures, known as the best works of the respective men, were put up for competition. Those by Gauer-mann, for instance, were wanted by a foreign agent; but a Viennese gentleman determined that they should not quit the city, and, in a hot contest, outbid every offer which the opposite

party made. 'The Mountain Smithy,' for which M. Arthaber paid the artist 1,500 florins (£150), was at last knocked down to M. Oetzelt for £502. A shout of applause rose through the room at the victory of the Vienna citizen. De Ley's 'Rembrandt's Studio,' painted on panel, went for £1,000. A picture by Bürkel, of Munich, 'The Campagna of Rome' goes to England; also a picture by Riedel, 'An Italian Girl feeding Pigeons;' Rottmann's 'Gulf of Poros;' also a charming little picture by Schleissner, 'The Letter from Abroad.' A small picture by Rottmann, whose frescoes adorn the arcades of Munich, and to whose pictures of Greece a separate hall is devoted in the New Pinakothek, was bought by the Leipsic Museum for £127. Lessing's 'Huss before the Council,' a duplicate of the well-known picture in the Gallery of Frankfurt, was bought for the Düsseldorf Museum for £705. Two landscapes by Calame were sold respectively for £250 and £305. A small picture by Rosa Bonheur, of early date, and without the power of her later works, went for £415; four times as much, without doubt, as was paid for it originally. Wilkie's 'The Toilet of the Bride,' was sold to a dealer in Berlin for £690. As I said, the greater number of the pictures were purchased by Viennese merchants or bankers. With the exception of one work, 'A Landscape by Lessing,' which was bought for the Lichtenstein Gallery at the price of £507, not a single work was purchased by the nobility of the capital.

Vienna has, within a very short period, lost two artists of deserved repute. Not many weeks ago, the architect of the New Opera House, Van der Müll, put an end to his troubled existence; and on Tuesday, the 28th of April, a telegram from Pesth announced the death of the gifted sculptor, Hans Gasser. Some years ago, he injured his hand while at work on a statue, with a blow of the hammer; and the wound thus caused never afterwards healed. His general health suffered; and at last he succumbed to the illness brought on by the accident. The figures destined for the New Opera House he completed but a day or two before his death. The female figure lately placed in the Stadt Park in Vienna, the statues in the Arsenal, that of General Welden at Gratz, and of the poet Wieland at Weimar, the six figures around the Hentzi Monument at Ofen, as well as one of the eight lately placed on the Elizabeth Bridge in Vienna, were the work of this artist. His marked features and his careless style of dress, made him one of the well-known personalities of Vienna. A full beard, long hair falling over his shoulders, his bare neck, which at no time and under no circumstances ever knew a cravat, a simple jacket, worn alike in his studio and when he had an audience of the Emperor, gave the man a peculiar appearance; and many who regarded the dress of the individual more than the intellectual head and countenance, might have taken him for a workman in the artist's workshop, rather than for the artist himself. At the inauguration of the monument in memory of the Empress Maria Theresa, in Wiener Neustadt, he came, as usual, in his work-a-day dress, and with, perhaps, a little of the bandit in his whole air; the consequence of which was, that those who were deputed to maintain order and to keep a certain space round the monument free from intruders, refused him admittance. "Well," he said, laughing, "I suppose you will allow Gasser to pass; he who chiselled the monument?" Gasser was born in Carinthia; and, amid many difficulties and hardships, pursued his studies in Vienna and Munich. Like Chantrey, he obtained great and deserved reputation for his portrait busts, all of which were treated with admirable taste. The other distinguished sculptor of Austria, Fernkorn, by whom the extraordinarily fine equestrian statue of the Archduke Charles was designed and executed, is in a hopeless state, in a lunatic asylum near Vienna.

SAINTES.—A statue of Bernard Palissy, the celebrated potter, was erected, and inaugurated with due honours, during the past month, in this his native place.

OBITUARY.

JOHN BURNET.

It was scarcely probable that the death of John Burnet would have occurred without some public notice of the event; and yet so secluded had he kept himself during the last five or six years—for so long a time has elapsed since we heard or saw anything of him—that it has sometimes occurred to us he had passed away unnoticed and unrecorded. From almost the earliest appearance of our journal, till the time just indicated, when we entirely lost sight of him, he was a frequent and valuable contributor to our pages. His death is announced to have taken place in Victoria Road, Stoke Newington, on the 29th of April, about one month after he had entered upon his eighty-fifth year. He was born in Fisher Row, Edinburgh, on the 20th of March, 1784.

Retracing his career, as he himself did in a long autobiographical sketch, published in the *Art-Journal* for 1850, we go back to an early period of modern British Art. It must, however, suffice for us at the present time to point out merely the principal features of his life's labours, and we must refer those of our readers who desire to know more of their details to the volume in question. John Burnet was placed, when a boy, at the school of Mr. Leeshman, by whom Sir Walter Scott was also taught the rudiments of education. On leaving school he was articled to Mr. Robert Smith, of Edinburgh, a landscape-engraver, and attended at the same time the classes of the Trustees' Academy, then under the management of Mr. John Graham, where he had for his fellow-pupils Sir David Wilkie, R.A., and Sir W. Allan, R.A.: thus arose his intimacy with Wilkie, which lasted until the death of the latter. Wilkie's success in London with his 'Village Politicians' induced Burnet to follow him southwards about a year afterwards; and he arrived in the metropolis with only a few shillings in his pocket, and a single impression from one of his plates for Cooke's Novelists. His first works after settling in London were other plates for Cooke's Novelists, several for Britton and Brayley's 'England and Wales,' Mrs. Inchbald's 'British Theatre,' &c. His first plate of comparatively large size was, 'The Jew's Harp,' after Wilkie, which brought him into acquaintance with W. Sharp, the distinguished line-engraver; and its success led to his undertaking Wilkie's 'Blind Fiddler.' His other plates after the same master were—'The Reading of the Will,' 'Chelsea Pensioners reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo,' 'The Rabbit on the Wall,' 'The Letter of Introduction,' 'The Death of Tippoo Saib,' 'The Village School.' Of pictures in the National Gallery he engraved 'The Jew,' 'The Nativity,' and 'The Crucifixion,' all after Rembrandt; these were published for a work, entitled 'Engravings from the Pictures in the National Gallery.' For Foster's 'British Gallery,' he had previously engraved Metz's 'Letter-Writer,' and 'The Salutation of the Virgin,' after Rembrandt.

After the long war, which terminated in the peace of 1815, Burnet took the opportunity of visiting Paris, and for several months was a constant visitor at the Louvre, copying and studying the valuable collection within its walls. To this visit may, perhaps, be traced his love of painting, for though chiefly known and recognised as an engraver, John Burnet was also a

painter of very considerable merit, and had he selected this branch of Art as his peculiar vocation, instead of that of engraving, he would undoubtedly have attained a high position, for he possessed a thorough theoretical knowledge of painting, which practice would have enabled him to carry out to its maturity. His book, "Practical Hints on Painting," is a standard work, which has passed through several editions. The principal picture painted by him is 'Greenwich Pensioners,' which he produced and engraved as a companion to Wilkie's 'Chelsea Pensioners.' The Sheepshanks Collection contains two of Burnet's pictures of minor interest, 'Fish Market at Hastings' and 'Cows Drinking.' His youngest brother, James, who died at the early age of twenty-eight, left behind him numerous pictures evidencing talent as a landscape and cattle-painter of a high order.

Burnet's style of engraving, particularly in his most important plates, was founded on that of his favourite master among the old engravers, Cornelius Visscher, of Haarlem. It is bold and vigorous, yet clear and delicate; his works will always be held in estimation as examples of pure line-engraving, an art that is fast dying out in England. None lamented with more sincere regret its gradual decay, and the adventitious attractions of what may be called mechanical engraving, and of mixed styles.

PICTURE SALES.

The collection of engravings, with a few water-colour drawings, the property of the late Mr. H. A. J. Munro, was sold by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, on the 22nd of April. Of the latter the only notable examples were five by Turner:—'An Italian River Scene,' 140 gs. (Vokins); 'An Italian Valley,' £141 (Anon.); 'The Valley of Martigny,' 100 gs. (T. Woolner); 'The Valley of the Rhone,' 80 gs. (Colnaghi); 'A Valley in Switzerland,' £35 (E. White).

Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods sold, on the 29th of April, a collection of valuable water-colour drawings, among which were:—'Returning from Market,' F. T. Taylor, £80 (Maclean); 'A Venetian Council,' J. Gilbert, £204 (Vokins). The following are by Copley Fielding:—'Oban,' £204 (Baker); 'A Storm at Sea,' £157 (Baker); 'View in the Highlands,' £325 (White); 'Storm off Scarborough,' £241 (White); 'Coast Scene, near Broadstairs,' £94 (Baker); 'Goodrich Castle,' 180 gs. (Baker); 'Coast Scene,' £99 (Maclean); 'Streteley, on the Thames,' G. Fripp, £100 (Vokins); 'Sunrise at Sea,' E. Duncan, £194 (Vokins); 'Sheep Washing,' E. Duncan, £204 (Vokins); 'The Reckoning,' L. Haghe, £73 (Baker); 'The Guard Room,' L. Haghe, £64 (Addington); 'Apple, Black and White Grapes,' W. Hunt, £192 (White); 'An Irish Cabin,' F. W. Topham, £89 (G. Earl); 'Warwick Castle,' J. M. W. Turner, engraved in the *England and Wales*, £420 (Baker); 'Knighton, Yorkshire,' P. Dewint, £141 (Baker); 'Near Warwick Castle,' D. Cox, £63 (Weyzell); 'Cattle and Sheep,' T. S. Cooper, R.A., £74 (Jones); 'Berry Pomeroy Castle,' E. G. Warren, £53 (Walker).

The valuable collection of ancient pictures, marbles, and objects of *virtu* formed by the late Mr. T. B. Bulkeley, of Teddmore Hall, near Shrewsbury, was sold by Messrs. Christie & Co. at their rooms in King Street, St. James's, on the 30th of April. The pictures included:—'Portrait of Van Dyck,' Dobson, 110 gs. (Colnaghi); 'Portrait of a Man in a black dress and cap,' A. Cuyp, from the Champenowne Gallery, 385 gs. (M. Nieuwenhuys, of Paris); 'The Entombment,' Guercino, from the Colonna Palace, 155 gs. (Stuart); 'Portrait of Judge Moreton,' Van Dyck, from the Northwick Gallery, 170

gs. (Colnaghi); 'A Calm,' with numerous boats and a yacht at anchor, Vander Capella, 240 gs. (Pearce); 'View of the Manzanares,' Murillo, from the Royal Palace at Madrid, 220 gs. (Mr. Bromley Davenport, M.P.); 'The Angel appearing to St. Jerome,' Guido Reni, from the Northwick Gallery, 150 gs. (Eckford); its late owner bought this picture at the sale of the Northwick Collection for 350 gs.; 'View of the Mountain of Albano,' with buildings, figures, sheep, and goats, Gaspar Poussin, from the Falconieri Palace at Rome, 105 gs. (Anon.); 'Portraits of Fiametta and Boccaccio,' Giorgione, from the Borghese Palace, 190 gs. (Colnaghi); 'Portrait of Pope Innocent X.,' seated, in his robes, Velasquez, 290 gs. (Graves).

The death of Mr. L. V. Flatou, the well-known picture-dealer, brought to the hammer the works possessed by him at the time of his death. They were sold by Messrs. Christie, Manson, & Co., on the 2nd of May. The principal were:—'A Sumptuous Dessert,' T. Grönland, 102 gs. (Smith); 'A View of the Rhine,' W. Müller, 195 gs. (Armstrong); 'La Sœur de Charité,' G. Hardy, 140 gs. (Haynes); 'Showing Grandma's Treasures,' G. B. O'Neill, 150 gs. (Tooth); 'The Rejected Tenant,' E. Nicol, A.R.A., 198 gs. (Agnew); 'The Convent Gate,' J. Archer, R.S.A., 96 gs. (Anon.); 'Children Blowing Bubbles,' T. Webster, R.A., 98 gs. (Webster); 'Winter Scene,' T. S. Cooper, R.A., 130 gs. (Armstrong); 'The Lady and the Wasp,' W. J. Grant, 140 gs. (Ames); 'A Lady reading in a Cosy Corner,' J. C. Horsley, R.A., 95 gs. (Cox); 'The Cottage Door,' F. Goodall, R.A., 100 gs. (Hardy); 'Ladies alarmed at seeing the Sweep,' F. D. Hardy, 155 gs. (Paterson); 'What will happen?' J. Faed, R.S.A., 216 gs. (Lloyd); 'The Codicil—Making a Will,' G. B. O'Neill, 175 gs. (Hayward); 'Sheep in a Landscape,' T. S. Cooper, R.A., 105 gs. (Agnew); 'The Troubadour,' A. Elmore, R.A., 200 gs. (Armstrong); 'Sir Lancelot and Guinevere,' J. Archer, R.S.A., 100 gs. (White); 'Children making Mud Pies,' G. B. O'Neill, 200 gs. (Agnew); 'Wayside Devotion,' G. H. Boughton, 110 gs. (Wallis); 'A Girl by the Mountain Stream,' P. F. Poole, R.A., 150 gs. (Armstrong); 'Buying an Indulgence,' J. Archer, R.S.A., 95 gs. (Hunt); 'The Anxious Mother,' G. B. O'Neill, 200 gs. (Tooth); 'A Child exhibiting her new Dress to her Grandmother,' J. C. Horsley, R.A., 200 gs. (Earl); 'The dismayed Artist on beholding the Havoc made by his Domestic in his Studio,' F. D. Hardy, 300 gs. (Ames); 'Snowdon,' F. R. Lee, R.A., with Cattle and Sheep by T. S. Cooper, R.A., 195 gs. (Lee); 'Children watching a Mousetrap,' F. D. Hardy, 195 gs. (Lee); 'The Cornfield,' J. Linnell, sen., 450 gs. (Lloyd); 'From Waterloo to Paris,' M. Stone, 135 gs. (Earl); 'Rustic Affection,' F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., 185 gs. (Ames); 'Maggie, you're Cheating,' J. Archer, R.S.A., 100 gs. (Goss); 'The Arrest for Witchcraft,' J. Pettie, R.S.A., 475 gs. (Haynes); 'The Story of a Life,' W. L. Orchardson, A.R.A., 470 gs. (Haynes); 'Hearts are Trumps,' J. Archer, R.S.A., 105 gs. (Edwards); 'The Lady of Shalott,' T. Faed, R.A., 290 gs. (Archer); 'Burning of the Books,' *Don Quixote*, J. C. Horsley, R.A., 510 gs. (Ames); 'A Coast Scene,' W. Mulready, R.A., 305 gs. (Agnew); 'An Interior in Brittany,' E. Frère, 165 gs. (Armstrong); 'No Escape,' Sir E. Landseer, R.A., 100 gs. (Leatham); 'Stealing the Keys,' M. Stone, 200 gs. (Edwards); 'The Soldier's Return Home,' T. Webster, R.A., 215 gs. (Willis); 'Sunday in the Backwoods of Canada,' T. Faed, R.A., 515 gs. (Willis); 'Waterfall in Glen Shirah, near Inverary,' P. Nasmyth, 510 gs. (Willis); 'Stream and Waterfall near Loch Tay,' F. R. Lee, R.A., 150 gs. (Ames); 'The Last of the Clan leaving Home,' T. Faed, R.A., 920 gs. (Haynes); 'Tenby Bay,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 405 gs. (Haynes). The sale produced nearly £13,000.

The collection of sketches, both in oils and water-colours, left by the late Mr. Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., was sold by Messrs. Christie and Co. last month, and realised a very considerable sum.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF ANDREW HOLTZ, ESQ.

PALISSY, THE POTTER.

Mrs. E. M. Ward, Painter. C. W. Sharpe, Engraver.

WITHOUT wishing to ignore the merits of any of the female artists of England—and there are many possessing talents worthy of all recognition—it must be admitted that Mrs. E. M. Ward stands at the head of the list. Almost from the first she essayed the highest branch of painting—history; and she has, in process of time, succeeded in producing pictures which are now sought after by collectors of the best works of the British School.

Very many of our readers will, doubtless, remember the picture we have here engraved, when it was exhibited at the Royal Academy, in 1866. Prior, however, to its appearance at the Gallery in Trafalgar Square, we had the opportunity of seeing it, and recording in our pages a somewhat lengthened notice of this most interesting and clever picture. So far we are relieved of much of the duty which, otherwise, would devolve upon us now. A brief description of the work is, nevertheless, called for, if only to render it intelligible to those who may not have read the history of Bernard Palissy.

Palissy was a French potter who, in the middle of the sixteenth century, lived at Saintes. Having possessed himself of some specimens of the old Italian pottery called Majolica, he passed a long and weary time in his endeavours to imitate it: entailing on himself and family great distress. At length he thought that success was about to crown his efforts; and now comes the incident, as described in Mr. Morley's "Life of Palissy," which Mrs. Ward made the subject of her picture.

"The potter had looked forward to a day when the result of many months' labour would enable him to meet impatient creditors, and relieve the pressing wants of his hungry and scantily-clad children: his hopes were high, and with reason; fame would recompense him for all his trials, and fortune would be within his grasp. The furnace had been fired, and the potter bided the time to bring forth the works that were to be his glories. The moment had arrived; the wife had gone out to summon the creditors to witness his triumph; they stand at the entrance appalled, whilst she exhausts her wrath in imprecations. The children gathered round, or stare in wonderment at the broken-down and miserable father; for strewn on the ground at his feet, are all the produce of his toil and his genius—deformed pieces, utterly valueless. The flints that formed the walls of the furnace had been detached by the heat, and had ruined the whole of the great works that were baking in it. Thus the afflicted artist writes: 'I lay down in melancholy, not without cause, for I had no longer any means to feed my family.' The neighbours gave him 'maledictions in place of consolation; their bitter talk was mingled with his grief.'"

Mrs. Ward has not literally followed in her picture the text of Palissy's biographer; and in so doing, has produced a far more agreeable and lovable composition than if she had represented the wife in the character of a scold. It is a scene of misery and distress, not of domestic vituperation; while the materials are admirably and forcibly put together. It is right we should add, that the picture loses much by translation into black and white: colour is among its greatest merits; and this quality no *drawn* could give, especially in the richly-painted fragments of porcelain.



C. W. SHARPE SCULPT

MRS. E. M. WARD PINKY

PALINY THE POTTER

FROM THE HISTORY IN THE COLLECTION OF MRS. E. M. WARD



BIRMINGHAM
SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.

FOR the third time the Birmingham Society of Artists has accomplished a Spring Exhibition. Two Exhibitions in one year is a feat rarely attempted by provincial Societies of Artists; in truth, it is entirely exceptional, and redounds to the credit, enterprise, and perseverance of the Birmingham Society. The fact of getting up two Exhibitions in each year is, however, the least notable feature: the most important is the very high character of the works which make up these Exhibitions. It may be affirmed without fear of contradiction that such a collection of water-colour drawings has rarely been brought together in the provinces as that which was opened on the 21st March, and which will remain open for some short time longer. The works exhibited number 700, including architectural drawings, &c. Of these, 676 are contributed by the artists; the remainder are contributions from the galleries of Messrs. Joshua Dixon, Benson Rathbone, F. Goodall, C. Langton, J. Hawkins, F. Craven, and from the local collections of Messrs. F. Elkington, Hyla Betts, C. R. Cope, R. L. Chance, all of whom have kindly lent works of great excellence by masters of the water-colour Art. Need we indicate as evidences of this that among the contributions from private sources are examples by J. M. W. Turner, D. Cox, G. Cattermole, S. Prout, J. Varley, W. Hunt, R. P. Bonington, Cotman, P. De Wint? Contributed direct from the artists are important works by Lewis Haghe, Carl Haag, T. M. Richardson, Vicat Cole, Bartholomew, Ballantyne, Bouvier, Callow, Tanner, Houston, H. Johnson, Bond, Collingwood Smith, H. Warren, Erskine Nichol, Kilburne, &c., all the leading water-colourists being well represented. The good result of such Exhibitions, however, will be best traced by the influence they have had on the local artists, who contribute above the average number of works, demonstrating progress which is very apparent.

As usual, Mr. Henshaw is at his post, doing himself abundant credit in all the works exhibited by him. Prominent among other examples of his skill is his 'Glade, Forest of Arden'; his tree-drawing is perfection: at his hands the monarchs of the wood receive ample justice. What artist more careful and self-denying than Mr. Chattock? Very great progress has been made by him, and is evinced, seen, and clearly demonstrated in each of the six landscape examples he exhibits. His landscape, in which the pale light of the moon is contrasted with the light emanating from a brick-kiln on fire, is a work of very great merit. Mr. Steeple exhibits transcripts of scenery in Scotland and Wales which are quite up to the mark. Mr. S. H. Baker, in addition to landscapes, exhibits also figure subjects: in the latter he essays an entirely new sphere of action, and promises to be successful. Mr. Munns, a new member of the society, demonstrates his qualifications to the honour recently conferred upon him by a life-like portrait and one or two figure subjects. Mr. Lee contributes, in addition to sketches of Neapolitan peasants, a careful drawing illustrative of 'Calphurnia, the Wife of Pliny, listening to her Husband reading his Works.' Mr. Howard Harris sends drawings illustrative of Spanish landscape, &c. Mr. Worsey is as brilliant in his water-colour flower-pieces as he was in his oil-colour paintings. He is followed by Mr. Clare. Mr. C. R. Aston progresses favourably. Mr. F. Hinkley has a charming bit of colour, a little maiden in crimson clad, 'Coming from the Grange'; and there are contributions by E. and W. H. Hall, and Messrs. Amos, Carpenter, C. Smith, and others of the sterner sex, which our limits preclude the possibility of naming.

The lady-artist phalanx is headed by Miss Steeple, and is ably supported by the Misses Vernon, Sanders, Townley, and Aston, and Mrs. C. Radclyffe. Mr. Allen Everitt's contributions, all of great archaeological interest, and Mr. C. W. Radclyffe's freely-touched, clever contributions we have left to the last, in order to point out the obligations the public and the Society of Artists owe to these two gentlemen for the treat

afforded them. When energetic, earnest-minded men work, the result is always satisfactory. Mr. Everitt is a model secretary, and the energy of Mr. Radclyffe is shown by procuring for exhibition many of the *chefs-d'œuvre* seen in the gallery. A more successful provincial Exhibition there could not be.

Birmingham has its Art Gallery, at present partially filled with pictures, the property of the town, chiefly gifts by generous-minded patrons of Art, and contributions by way of loan from the galleries of local collectors. By the generosity of Mr. Elijah Walton, who is so well known by his transcripts of Alpine scenery, and his illustrated work on 'The Anatomy of the Camel,' and his more recent work, 'Clouds, their Forms and Conformations,' the Gallery has been put in possession of three grand pictures, representing mountain-peaks in the Alps. These consist of representations of 'Monte Marmonto, seen from Val d'Auronzo, Italy,' 'Monte Tofana, seen from above Artine d'Ampezzo, Tyrol,' and 'Monte Civita.' Those familiar with the marvellous power of Mr. Walton's pencil will have no difficulty in realising in imagination the grandeur united with the beauty which reigns over the canvas in his representations of these regions of the avalanche, ribbed ice, and snow; the sunny glow on snowy peaks, the peaceful beauty of lakes slumbering at their base, "beauty in the lap of terror." It is always grateful to the mind to recognise gifts from those who have left their birthplace, but who forget not, amid their successes, to recognise the town wherein, in bygone times, they received the early teachings in Art which have aided their after successes. Mr. Walton received the elements of his artistic education in the Birmingham Government School of Art, and he thus recognises the benefits received. "Kind hearts are more than coronets." We trust Mr. Walton's example will be imitated by other artists whose early life has been spent in the midland metropolis.

Twelve months ago we directed attention to Mr. Peter Hollins's admirable bust of Mr. Recorder Hill: we have now an equal pleasure in chronicling a statue by the same sculptor of the man of letters, Sir Rowland Hill—to be appropriately placed in the New General Post Office which is about to be erected here. The likeness is a very excellent one, the attitude graceful, natural, and unconstrained. The marble of which the statue is cut is pure, speckless, and veinless. To such a block Mr. Hollins has given life. His chisel has produced a statue which will recall to many succeeding generations the features of a man whose exertions, while they have marvellously facilitated business, have increased the means of intercourse of friends and kindred, and the interchange of ideas. Honour to whom honour is due. There is none more worthy of a statue than Sir Rowland Hill. In early life a Birmingham man, the originator of the "penny postage," and of postage reform generally, who more worthy to hand down his features—who could have done it better than his townsman, artist, and sculptor, Mr. Peter Hollins? The statue is a great success: it is now being exhibited in the Sculpture Gallery of the Royal Academy.

Until a fitting site is prepared for it, Mr. Foley's statue of the late Prince Consort has found a temporary resting-place in the Arts Gallery in the Midland Institute, the building of which his Royal Highness laid the foundation-stone. A grander or more graceful statue has not been produced by any modern sculptor; to the dignity of the prince the sculptor has added the quiet, contemplative, intellectual expression of countenance which distinguished the Prince Consort in life; the attitude is exceedingly graceful, the execution of the details of the costume is exquisite, and the best has been made of the robes and insignia that distinguish the Order of the Bath, in which the prince is attired. A more fitting memorial statue to the memory of a great and good prince could not possibly have been produced—a worthy remembrancer it is of one whom a Queen laments, and whose early loss a nation mourns. Birmingham may pride itself in the possession of these two fine sculptures.

ART-UNION OF LONDON.

THE attractive engraving from Mr. Maclise's picture of 'Hamlet' no doubt contributed in no small measure to swell the subscription-list this year, which, from the Report read by Mr. George Godiom, F.R.S., one of the honorary secretaries, at the annual meeting for the distribution of prizes, on the 28th of April, amounted to the sum of £13,612, being an increase of £2,267 over the subscriptions of last year. The balance-sheet showing the expenditure of the income was thus set forth:—

Cost of engraving and printing 'Hamlet' plate, reports, almanacks, Exhibition, and reserve of 2½ per cent.	£5,155 11 9
Agents' commission, rent, salaries, postage, &c.	2,232 3 9
Amount to be expended in pictures, bronzes, parian, &c.	6,225 0 0
Total	£13,612 14 6

The amount available for the purchase of works of Art from the public galleries by the prizeholders themselves was divided in the following manner:—

22 works at	£10 each.
20 "	15 "
12 "	20 "
14 "	25 "
12 "	30 "
12 "	35 "
10 "	40 "
6 "	45 "
8 "	50 "
6 "	60 "
8 "	75 "
3 "	100 "
2 "	150 "
1 work at	200 "

There were also distributed—

- 25 Bronzes of the Nelson Column.
- 20 Medallion Bronze Inkstands.
- 100 Statuettes, 'The Wood Nymph.'
- 250 Chromos, 'The Kite.'
- 30 Silver Medals, commemorative of Sir R. Westmacott, R.A.

There were, therefore, with the parian busts given to all who have subscribed for ten years consecutively without gaining a prize, 758 prizes, in addition to the engraving received by every member.

The prize of £200 fell to S. G. Bees, of Bristol; those of £150 each respectively to R. Hunter, Upper Holloway, and T. Must, of Portland, Victoria. Some of the smaller prizes fell to other subscribers in our colonies, and elsewhere abroad, as Geelong, Mount Brian in South Australia, Melbourne, Bangalore, Adelaide, New Zealand, Montreal, Oporto, Constantinople, Hobart-Town, &c., &c., thus circulating British Art over the world.

The reserved fund of the society now amounts to £14,478.

As regards future operations, we learn that various engravings of great importance are in progress; and in addition to these, Mr. W. Holl, who engraved the 'Merrymaking,' has been commissioned to produce a plate in his best manner after the picture 'Rebekah,' by Mr. F. Goodall, R.A. Mr. Vincent Brooks has made for the society a chromolithograph from a picture by Mr. Birket Foster, called 'The Kite,' examples of which, framed, formed part of the distribution. The Council has in hand for next year a copy in chromolithography of Mulready's well-known picture, 'Choosing the Wedding Gown,' one of the most attractive paintings in the South Kensington Museum.

Mr. Leonard Wyon has successfully completed for the society dies for a medal of the late Sir Richard Westmacott, R.A., sculptor, impressions from which were allotted at the meeting. Mr. W. F. Woodington, one of the artists engaged to model the bas-reliefs on the base of the Nelson column, has prepared an exact copy of this monument on a scale of ½ of an inch to the foot, and copies in bronze, executed by Messrs. Franchi, formed part of the prizes.

We are gratified to record not only the existence, but the flourishing condition of an institution which, notwithstanding all the adverse criticisms that have been pronounced against its utility, has been of unquestionable benefit to artists, and has afforded pleasure to tens of thousands.

GOETHE'S FEMALE CHARACTERS BY KAULBACH.

If Goethe were still living there would be open to his legions of friends new sources of congratulation in that Wilhelm Kaulbach has become the Art-exponent of his female characters. If the great German poet were equally excellent in all his works, he would be more than human, but not being so, he simply holds his place in that lustrous galaxy of genius which continues to light the world in its progress. It has been left to Kaulbach to celebrate Goethe's heroines *seriatim*; nothing having, we believe, as yet appeared in the shape of a compendium thus constituted. For some of these descriptions the poet has drawn rather on his feelings than his fancy. To Lili, for instance, he devoted his whole heart in youth, and even the life-long remembrance drew tears from his aged eyes. The original of Lili was Anna Elizabeth Schönmann, and she is thus immortalised in the "Dichtung und Wahrheit." In 1744, when this lady was sixteen years of age, Goethe fell madly in love with her, and his passion, if it did not alter his nature, changed for a time his habits; for in his correspondence he requested his friends to picture to themselves him, the student, in lace and embroidery, attending the Fraulein Schönmann at balls and concerts. But this mode of life brought with it more pain than pleasure, for the young lady was fond of admiration and had too many suitors. The marriage was broken off, and the *quondam fiancée* became the Lili of the poem mentioned. The passage selected is that in which Lili is feeding her feathered dependants:—

"Weich ein Gemusch welch ein Gegacker
Wenn sie sich in die Thüre stellt."

Ary Scheffer's extracts from Goethe are remarkable as showing an ambition to touch a chord which has not yet been reached by Art; and he sets forth his broken yet beating hearts so effectively that we are so deeply penetrated with the emotions he paints, as scarcely to see the impersonations he presents. Kaulbach is, on the other hand, now grandly dramatic, now familiar and social; and we have not seen many of his compositions that have not given rise to a wish to step into the circle and assist in the action or the argument. He is at times independent of the literal course of the story. In Faust's first sight of Margaret, the latter is represented as going to church; whereas in the text he is made to accost her in the street, to compliment her as a young lady, call her beautiful, and offer to escort her home; to all of which she replies that she is neither beautiful, nor a young lady, and has no desire for his company. Again, in the *Mater Dolorosa* we see Margaret prostrate before Michael Angelo's famous Pietà, with an introduction of the gossips at the fountain. "Otilie," from "Die Wanderschaften," appears in the boat with Eduard's child at the moment when the car and the toy-book have fallen into the lake. The child is still upon her lap, but in her efforts to recover the book, the little one falls into the water. The subject of "Leonora" is Tasso's first interview with the princess after her illness. The second Leonora is present, as also the Princess Lucretia, a nun, and a maid of honour. Leonora is pale, and shows the traces of recent indisposition. Tasso stands before her, and we find in him a similitude to Kaulbach's conception of Goethe in his youth. The relation which the artist has established between the two is more than a tender interest. Passion glows in the eyes of Leonora, and the fixed gaze of Tasso prompts us to listen for the quickened throbbing of his bosom. Kaulbach is a believer in the power of beauty, and only those are not who, unsuccessful in realising its charm, presume to call their failures character. These works are to be seen at 48, Pall Mall, and it is to the spirit and taste of Mr. F. Bruckmann that we are indebted for the sight of them, and as his selection on this occasion is so satisfactory, it is to be hoped that this is only the first of a series of such exhibitions.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY DINNER was—"as usual:" the leading patrons of Art, a few men of letters, some legal magnates, and several of Her Majesty's Ministers were present—and spoke: that is all the record the anniversary demands: compliments were given and received; little or nothing of any moment was said, except an intimation that probably the next Exhibition would be held in the new building; and that the "reforms" the country and the world demanded from the Academy had so far proceeded that a Foreign honorary member had been elected! Sir Francis Grant abstained from anything like a hint that the British public might expect anything more; and courtesy from guest to host prevented irksome questions from being asked as to the future of the Royal Academy. They will, however, be asked elsewhere.

SCIENCE AND ART DEPARTMENT.—The estimates propose a vote this session of £239,290 for the Science and Art Department, an increase of £29,565 over the vote of last session. The increase is chiefly in the grants in aid to schools of Science and Art—£10,300 in payments to teachers on results, and £15,750 in the payments to managers under the Minutes of 1865. The number of persons under instruction in science in May, 1867, was 10,230, an increase of no less than 3,388 over the number in May, 1866. The students taught drawing in schools of Art and in night classes, day schools for the poor, &c., were 104,668 in 1866. The vote for purchase, circulation, and loan of objects of Art shows a large increase. A vote of £10,000 is proposed, in part of £20,000, for the removal of the iron building at South Kensington to a site offered at Bethnal Green, with the view to the establishment of an auxiliary Museum of Science and Art in the East of London. The vote for the National Portrait Exhibition is £3,000, and the receipts for admission are estimated at a like sum of £3,000; the expenditure in 1866 amounted to £3,882. The accounts for 1867 were not closed when the estimates were prepared for this session. The vote for the permanent buildings at South Kensington this year will again be £32,500, on further account of £195,000.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION AND THE SOUTH KENSINGTON STAFF.—It appears we were in error in stating that Mr. Cole had declined to accept a "gratuity" of £1,500 extra his official salary for services in Paris during the Exhibition. The letter to which we referred, published in the newspapers, Mr. Cole states to be "a forgery." It misled us; and, no doubt, it misled the public generally, for it was specious; and the announcement bore on the face of it a character of probability. We are to assume, then, that Mr. Cole has accepted, and not declined, the "gratuity" of £1,500 accorded to him by "my Lords," or such other "authority" as may be empowered to deduct that sum from the parliamentary grant. Perhaps we have no right to complain of Mr. Cole's "good luck;" yet, seeing that he had from my Lords or other "authority" leave of absence for six or seven months from South Kensington without sacrifice of salary earned there, the gratuity is, to say the least, handsome. No one would have grudged it to Mr. Cole, if that gentleman had expended any part of it for the honour and glory of Great Britain at Paris in 1867. But, although the commission had a superb and costly domicile for which the nation paid, we believe Mr. Cole never on any

occasion "received" there; certainly we never heard of any "gathering" at the Palace in the Champs Elysées: no "evenings" at which the subjects of Her Majesty were called together. We believe there was not a solitary instance of "entertainment" there to manufacturers or other classes of persons, jurors or others, during their stay in the French capital. Our country was, indeed, in that way entirely without representation; for the ambassador, Lord Cowley, took his departure soon after the Exhibition was opened; his successor, Lord Lyons, arrived when it was about to be closed; and dismal indeed was the position in which the "makers" of the British Department of the Exhibition found themselves in Paris. Mr. Cole might have remedied this evil—but he did not. He had a magnificent suite of rooms: the country paid for the gas. Such entertainments as might have contented all visitors might have cost very little, and there would have been no murmur at a grant of money in compensation. As it is, the £1,500 in addition to the official salary was not earned; but a valuable opportunity was missed of bringing together the prominent men and women—celebrities—of England and France.

THE LITERARY FUND.—The anniversary dinner of this valuable institution took place on the 6th of May. It had peculiar interest, and was more than usually attractive, for the Prime Minister presided. He had an enthusiastic reception—one of which even he may be justly proud. He was there not as an officer of state, but as an author among authors—one who has achieved greatness—the highest position to which a subject can aspire, not only without extraneous aids, but in spite of disqualifications over which only genius and industry combined could have triumphed. There will be no prouder name in the literary history of the world. Our purpose in this notice is, however, not to compliment the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, but to complain that at the dinner Art was entirely passed over by those who arranged it; the President of the Royal Academy and five of its members were present, and surely one of the "toasts" might have had some reference to the union of literature with Art. Literature is never forgotten at the annual dinner of the Royal Academy. It was this year at least better represented there than at the dinner of the Literary Fund; for though a "toast" was allotted to "Poetry and Imaginative Literature," the duty of proposing it fell to the lot of Sir Stafford Northcote, an able financier, whose business is with pounds, shillings, and pence; and thanks were returned for the same by a "Mr. Venables," of whom not four persons of the four hundred in the room had ever heard until the name was announced. We are very sure that the committee of the Literary Fund manage the funds better than they do the anniversary dinners, for certainly on those occasions they take special care that literature and professors of literature shall be kept as far as possible in the background—taught to learn their insignificance there if it be not taught to them elsewhere.

JOSEPH DURHAM, A.R.A., has produced for the Crystal Palace and Ceramic Art-Union a very charming bust of 'The May Queen.' It is a sweet and simple composition—a veritable type of innocence. Subscribers to the valuable society will obtain this excellent work of Art (in statuary porcelain), at the time of subscribing, for one guinea—a price that it would well bear without the chance of a prize in addition.

Of all the issues of the society this is perhaps the best, consideration being had to its small cost. It will gratify the merest lover of Art, and entirely content the artist and advanced amateur.

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND ART FOR IRELAND.—This matter, to which we referred in one of our recent numbers; has so far engaged the attention of Government that, it is stated, a commission has been appointed to consider and report on the best means of carrying out the object. The names mentioned as constituting the commission are,—The Marquis of Kildare; the Rev. Dr. Haughton, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin; the Very Rev. Dr. Russell, President of Maynooth; Colonel Laffan, Royal Engineers; G. A. Hamilton, Esq., Secretary to Treasury; Professor Huxley, F.R.S.; and Captain Donnelly, Royal Engineers, who will also act as secretary.

FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.—We are desirous of again directing attention to a Fête and Bazaar which will be held in the gardens of the Royal Botanic Society, Regent's Park, on the 25th, 26th, and 27th of the present month, the object of which is to assist in raising the sum of £1,500 towards the Building Fund of the Female School of Art, and to found two scholarships. The Bazaar is announced to be under the patronage of Her Majesty, and will be supported by a large number of ladies of title and position. We trust the result will be the means of setting this excellent institution free from all encumbrances of a pecuniary nature, and thus give full scope to the energy and administrative educational talent of its exemplary superintendent, Miss Gann, who has so long, and under great discouragements, presided over the classes. Contributions of fancy and useful articles for sale will be thankfully received by her at the school, 43, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, on or before the 15th of the month. On the evening of the 7th of May, Mr. H. O'Neil, R.A., delivered an instructive lecture to the pupils on the principles which should guide their studies, and on the results they should strive to attain. The lecture was listened to attentively by a crowded audience.

LAMBETH SCHOOL OF ART.—The distribution of rewards to the successful prize-competitors in the school has taken place. The following students received silver medals:—Walter W. Onless, for a drawing from the antique; James Redfern, for a model from the antique. Miss Ellen Miles and Robert Stocks were awarded bronze medals; the former for a design for a library door, the latter for a modelled design for an architrave. Prizes of books were given to Wallace Martin, for a model from the antique; and to William Fitch, for a design for a chancel-screen. The first and second prizes of the Sketching Club were awarded respectively to Miss Ellen Miles and W. Symons. After the distribution had been made, Mr. Edward Cresy delivered an address on architectural sculpture, illustrating his remarks by a collection of casts presented by him to the school. It is not out of place to state here that, owing to the exertions of Mr. John Sparkes, head-master of the school, an excellent collection of the works of the students appeared in the late Paris International Exhibition, to which a bronze medal was awarded.

AT MR. TOOTH'S GALLERY, in the Haymarket, is a picture of Rotterdam, painted by James Webb. It is rare that such themes tell effectively under enlargement; but here is a picture of the Port of Rotterdam larger than such material is usually

treated, yet wanting in nothing of the charm of the most successful of the smaller versions of such subjects. We look into the harbour with the Church of St. Lawrence on the right; and the eye is led from group to group of near and distant boats until the forms are lost in the gloom of the twilight. The delicious glow of sunset colours and gilds the entire scene. We are reminded of the time by the red clouds that preside over the horizon; by the rooks and jackdaws that are coming home to roost; by the warm and lustrous surface of the water; by innumerable reflections on an infinity of objects; and finally, by the general tone of the picture. The force of the subject is gathered up in a group of near boats, full of those picturesque and characteristic people that live and have their being on the waters, salt and fresh, of the Low Countries. This picture is the result of a long course of anxious thought and studious elaboration, and is by far the most important production of its class that has appeared of late years.

THE HOLMESDALE FINE ARTS CLUB, whose pleasant *réunions* we have occasionally recorded, held its opening *soirée* of this season on the 30th of April, in the Public Hall, Reigate. The exhibition was limited to drawing and sketches in water-colours, among which were very choice examples of some of the early masters of our school, in addition to a large display of works, the productions of members, in which list of contributors were Messrs. W. Bennett, Davidson, McKewan, Mole, Collingwood Smith, G. F. Teniswood, A. W. Williams, &c., &c. The rooms were beautifully decorated by a profuse display of choice plants, lent for the purpose by the president and vice-president of the club.

MR. SAVAGE, photographer and publisher, of Winchester, announces the early issue of a copiously illustrated History of the Ancient Hospital of St. Cross.

THE Second Exhibition of Modern Pictures at Scarborough is to open next month.

VENETIAN SILVERING.—This art, which was in high repute in Italy some centuries ago, is now practised by Mr. Furse, of 10, Hanway Street, Oxford Street, who claims to have discovered the ancient means employed to render his work permanent. The examples which he shows, as mirrors, sconces, chimney-glasses, picture-frames, &c., are imitated in their forms and ornamentations from ancient Italian patterns. The beauty of the work derives an additional value from the fact of its being washable, a desideratum in a climate like ours, wherein the dust from our coal fires shows itself only too distinctly on a white ground. We find among these specimens all the old Italian designs in pierced arabesque work which are continually met with in gilding.

ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL.—The trowel used by the Queen in laying the foundation-stone of this hospital was to be seen at Messrs. Howell and James's before the ceremony, which took place on the 13th of May. The entire length is fifteen inches and a half by four and a half inches in breadth. The handle is of rock crystal, terminating in an imperial crown of chased gold set with precious stones, the arches being enriched with pearls. The crystal shaft is enriched by spiral scrolls of gold and turquoises. The blade is of silver and diamond-shaped; it is ornamented with an elegant design of florid Italian arabesque, which being gilt, is forcibly relieved by the silver ground. The inscription runs thus:—"This trowel was used by Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen in laying the first stone of St. Thomas's Hospital, May 13, 1868."

It was delivered on the same day at Buckingham Palace, and will serve as a valuable memento of one of those graceful acts, by the almost daily performance of which Her Majesty has so entirely won the affections of her people. The trowel is in design and sumptuous execution perhaps unique: we have never even heard of any similar instrument so richly ornamented. The ebony mallet with which the Queen thrice, according to usage, tapped the stone, was also supplied by Messrs. Howell and James.

DISDERI'S PATENT.—Under this title appeared, in our April Number, a notice of a photographic process which was stated to be one "based on the invention of Mr. Walter Woodbury." The *Photographic News* states, and Mr. Woodbury himself has also informed us, that the process is entirely his own invention, and that he somewhat recently sold the patent to a company, of which Mr. Disderi is managing director. Mr. Woodbury has long been known among photographers as one of the most skilful and scientific practitioners of the art, and we are glad to render him the justice that is his due.

THERE WILL BE OPENED this month at Mr. McLean's, in the Haymarket, a novel and interesting exhibition. The gallery has been taken by a committee of the officers of the Artillery, which has charged itself with the task of getting up a collection of sketches and drawings by members of the corps, some of whom are skilful artists. From such a source we know what may be expected, but whether the public expectation will be fulfilled remains to be seen. If the selection be judiciously made, every sketch will illustrate a story, and every story will be a passage of truthful history. We shall not, therefore, consider this far-famed arm of our military establishment fairly represented, save by memorials of every region in which the corps has served—India, China, the Cape, Canada, the Crimea, the West Indies, Gibraltar, and all the outlying stations of any interest where detachments have done duty. Any surplus remaining after the expenses are defrayed will be devoted to a charitable object.

THE LATE M. CLAUDET.—We desire to state that the establishment formed by M. Claudet is continued by his son, with all the appliances and advantages obtained for it by the late eminent photographer. It is known that he introduced into it many valuable improvements—results, frequently, of his large inventive faculty. From its earliest introduction into England the art found in M. Claudet its most enterprising and energetic supporter and professor: our Journal is greatly indebted to his pen for many admirable contributions on the subject, and we discharged a part only of our obligation to him in the tribute we offered to his memory. M. Claudet, jun., was his assistant during many years prior to his death. The younger follows in the steps of the elder, and has, no doubt, introduced some new features, by which he will gain rather than lose in popularity. The galleries in Regent Street have been thoroughly renovated, and the intelligent activity for which the establishment has long been pre-eminent is, to say the least, continued.

LEEDS EXHIBITION.—The public, ere these pages are in print, will have been fully informed of the opening of the Leeds Exhibition. We have in past months published forecasts of the contents and prospects of this great undertaking, which results will verify. The ensuing numbers of the *Art-Journal* will comprise criticisms on the pictures, statues, and such other works as may possess most interest for our readers.

REVIEWS.

ÆSTHETIC CULTURE: an Address delivered before the Undergraduate Philosophical Society of the University of Dublin, Nov., 1867, by GEORGE F. ARMSTRONG. Published by W. M'GEE, Dublin.

Some two years ago we noticed the posthumous poems of the late Edmund John Armstrong, who had been a distinguished member of the Historical Society—"The Union" of the University of Dublin, and with the exception of the Speculative Society of Edinburgh, the oldest of the kind in the United Kingdom. "Æsthetic Culture" is the subject of an address to the Undergraduate Philosophical Society—a sister, but junior, association to the Historical Society—by George Francis Armstrong, the younger brother of Edmund John. There is a striking similarity in the style and tone of thought of the two brothers. We felt it no flattery to say of the elder Armstrong that his friends had done wisely in publishing poems so vigorous, and so full of promise for one so young. With no less pleasure do we notice the younger Armstrong's views on "Æsthetic Culture." His language is singularly felicitous and refined; while his object is to "point out the different powers of the different arts, and the nature and province of Æsthetic Culture."

He distinguishes and compares the expressional powers of the various Arts; taking as examples architecture, sculpture and painting, music, poetry and fiction, landscape gardening, the dance. Mr. Armstrong has evidently all the enthusiastic reverence for Art which it so naturally requires and obtains from its votaries. To sculpture and painting, as is most proper, he gives the highest place. "The petty, or trivial, or evanescent enters not into the perpetual stillness of marble, face, and form. But all of stately feeling and sublime energy of soul, that pose of limbs and hands, and neck and head, and curve of lip and nostril, and lines deep or delicate on forehead or on cheek, can render manifest, finds in sculpture the purest, highest, and most perfect expression. . . . Painting, commanding a more comprehensive element of representation, embodies emotions more numerous and diverse. . . . Here is not alone sublimely isolated emotion, but subtilty of character, aspects and glimpses of the lives and ways of men, lonely and in multitudes, of hearth life, of national life. Here too are the objects of external nature; sights and scenes of field, wood, wave, and mountain, all of nature, all of life, that the eye can behold and learn, as it is presented to the eye, and as through the eye it influences man. Sculpture is the more ideal and more majestic Art, painting the more flexible, the more comprehensive, the more definite. In the midst of the works of sculpture we walk far off from the world of our habitation."

We cannot gaze on the work of the sculptor or the artist without recognising the truth of these reflections. In so far as other things seek after the beautiful, but no further, Mr. Armstrong's comparison is most true when he says that Art "teaches as no other human means can teach. Philosophy may probe and dig and hunt after the beautiful, and tell us this constitutes it, or that is its essence; but here is the beautiful living and manifest, to be listened to, felt, looked upon. Ethic treatises may discourse of the passions of men, and label them with cunning names; but here are man's emotions and mental movements, palpable and real, to be examined, experienced, learned. Religion may tell that behind the veil are things undreamed, to be striven after and wrought for, though unseen; but to her is the veil uplifted—enter in and gaze. It is of all teachers the most potent, the most impressive, no master of formulae, no professor of dogmas, but the revealer of complete living, working truths."

We would not, however, have our readers to suppose that Mr. Armstrong unduly exalts that of which he is so warm an advocate. He concludes his address with this warning: "Look not to Art for the giving of the emotions which can govern the life, or the safeguards which keep the feet from stumbling—only religion, only the uplifting of the eyes to God, can bring you these; neither look to it as the fountain of all necessary knowledge, as those who lay down their pitchers

beside it are sometimes falsely represented as believing it. . . . But look to it as indeed a glorious power ordained of Heaven for the making of man greater, more exalted, more perfect—healthier through all his nature, happier in all his thankfulness, fuller in ability to realise the character of his Creator." There is much food for useful and thoughtful consideration in this really eloquent and vigorous address of a young author.

BRITISH MOSSES: their Homes, Aspects, Structure, and Uses. Containing an Illustration and Description of every Species. Published by BELL AND DALRY, London.

We are informed that through some mistake, the earliest numbers of this beautiful volume came before the public without its intended preface or the name of the author, who has not only written, but illustrated, this interesting and valuable work with an amount of patience and ability rarely surpassed. Miss Tripp is a native of Cornwall, and in the seclusion of her father's rectory has cultivated an acquaintance with, and a love for, "Mosses." Ruskin talks of "rocks overlaid with velvet and fur," and tells us that if we look "close into the velvet we shall find it is jewelled and set with stars in a stately way." Miss Tripp has looked "close into the velvet," and has gathered the "jewels" and reproduced the "stars" for our instruction and delight.

We do not know enough of British mosses to decide on the worth of this exquisite book to the merely scientific collector, but we can assure our readers that those who value what is beautiful and attainable cannot fail to derive intense enjoyment from its possession.

Of the 3,800 mosses and liverworts which Humboldt estimates as the present number of their species, about 447 mosses are found in the British Islands; and it is evident that Miss Tripp has loved her tiny favourites with the enthusiasm of a naturalist. The introduction is divided into five sections: "The Homes of Mosses," "The Aspects of Mosses," "The Structure of Mosses," "The Mode of Collecting and Examining Mosses," and "The Use of Mosses."

This introduction, which is eloquently written and full of information, is followed by a scientific classification of British mosses, and an amateur's classification of mosses. Then Miss Tripp gives a succession of engravings, whose name is legion, both simplified and amplified, with their explanations, and we cannot close our too brief notice without again expressing our admiration of the taste, industry, and right-thinking which are among the attributes of this work on "BRITISH MOSSES." The whole, too, is sanctified by a genuine and unaffected devotion to the Author of all that is good and beautiful, exemplifying that "nothing is useless in creation; the tiniest insects, the smallest mosses, have their uses."

TWO THOUSAND YEARS HENCE. By HENRY O'NEIL, A.R.A. Illustrated by J. Gilbert. Published by CHAPMAN AND HALL, London.

The title of Mr. O'Neil's book is evidently a misnomer, for its contents refer not to the future, but to the present. Adopting as his text Lord Macaulay's prophetic picture of the New Zealander seated on a fragment of London Bridge, and contemplating the ruins of our mighty metropolis, the author, in a series of letters, dated Old London, 3867—which correspondence is assumed to be written by one who has "left the lovely shores of New Zealand to undertake the magistracy of that district in which are situated those islands once called Great Britain and Ireland," to his friend the Professor of History at the University of Auckland—gives his views of what English society in the various aspects is at the present time. Mr. O'Neil's opinions are certainly not biased by political or religious creed; he writes with perfect independence of sect or party; he is neither an aristocrat nor a democrat; and the conclusion at which he arrives is that which thousands feel to be the truth—we are alto-

gether "out of gear." That England has reached a position pregnant with consequences none can contemplate without apprehension. It may suit some men to ignore the position, but there are elements at work that are rapidly undermining the foundations of all which has contributed to England's grandeur and greatness, and which seem destined to make our country

"A wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, her old inhabitants."

It is not pleasant to see ourselves depicted by a limner—we speak not here of Mr. O'Neil's powers as an artist—so uncomplimentary as the author of this volume, but the portraits he draws are worth studying by men and women of all ranks and conditions. His gallery contains all classes—the peer and the artisan, the merchant, the tradesman, the politician, the minister of religion, the artist, the lawyer, the man of literature, the men and women of fashion; all have their place in it individually or collectively.

Mr. Gilbert's illustrations are but two in number. "A Girl of the Period" forms the frontispiece, and nothing could, artistically, be more hideous, cleverly as it is drawn. Call such costumed figures allied with the Graces? The other illustration is on the title-page, and certainly is in keeping with Mr. O'Neil's misnomer, for it shows the ruin of London Bridge, with the assumed writer of the book seated upon it, having been paddled there by a half-clad New Zealander in his canoe. We must therefore take it for granted that if, "two thousand years hence," England has become a desolation, the New Zealander has not progressed in civilisation; he will be then what he now is.

THOMAS-A-KEMPIS: THE IMITATION OF CHRIST. Published by JAMES PARKER & Co., Oxford.

It is needless to say aught of this volume; it has taught, consoled, and comforted millions, having been, time out of mind, the text-book of all Christians. Our business is only with the "getting up," and that is as near perfection as any recent issue of the press, doing credit even to the eminent publisher of Oxford. It has no gaudy display, but is simple and pure as it ought to be, in harmony with the contents. Each page, of tinted paper, is surrounded by red lines, with initial letters in red ink. That is all its Art, and it is enough.

DEBRETT'S ILLUSTRATED PEERAGE; DEBRETT'S ILLUSTRATED BARONETAGE, WITH THE KNIGHTAGE. 1868. Published by DEAN AND SON, London.

The publishers of these books are perfectly justified in claiming for them the merits of "correct heraldic emblazonment, convenience of size, and lowness of price;" to which we may add, the large amount of information of every kind relative to the titled families of the United Kingdom. The work has been too long in existence, and is too extensively known, to require recommendation; but of this new edition, which contains all necessary alterations in the peerage, baronetage, &c., to the early part of the present year, we may remark that it is considerably increased in matter of most useful character. Whatever may be the ultimate goal to which the political tendencies of the present day are hurrying the country forward, England has not yet lost her interest in our titled classes, and "Debrett" is still a book which will be found a necessity for universal reference on all matters connected with its subject.

INSTRUCTIONS IN WOOD-CARVING FOR AMATEURS. With Hints on Design. By a LADY. Published by LOCKWOOD & Co., London.

Books of assumed instruction on the art of wood-carving have been somewhat plentiful of late. They are all much of the same kind, and we may compliment the lady-amateur who has sent forth this by saying that it is not inferior to its predecessors.



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